

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

B Y

The R E V E R E N D

JOHN LANGHORNE.

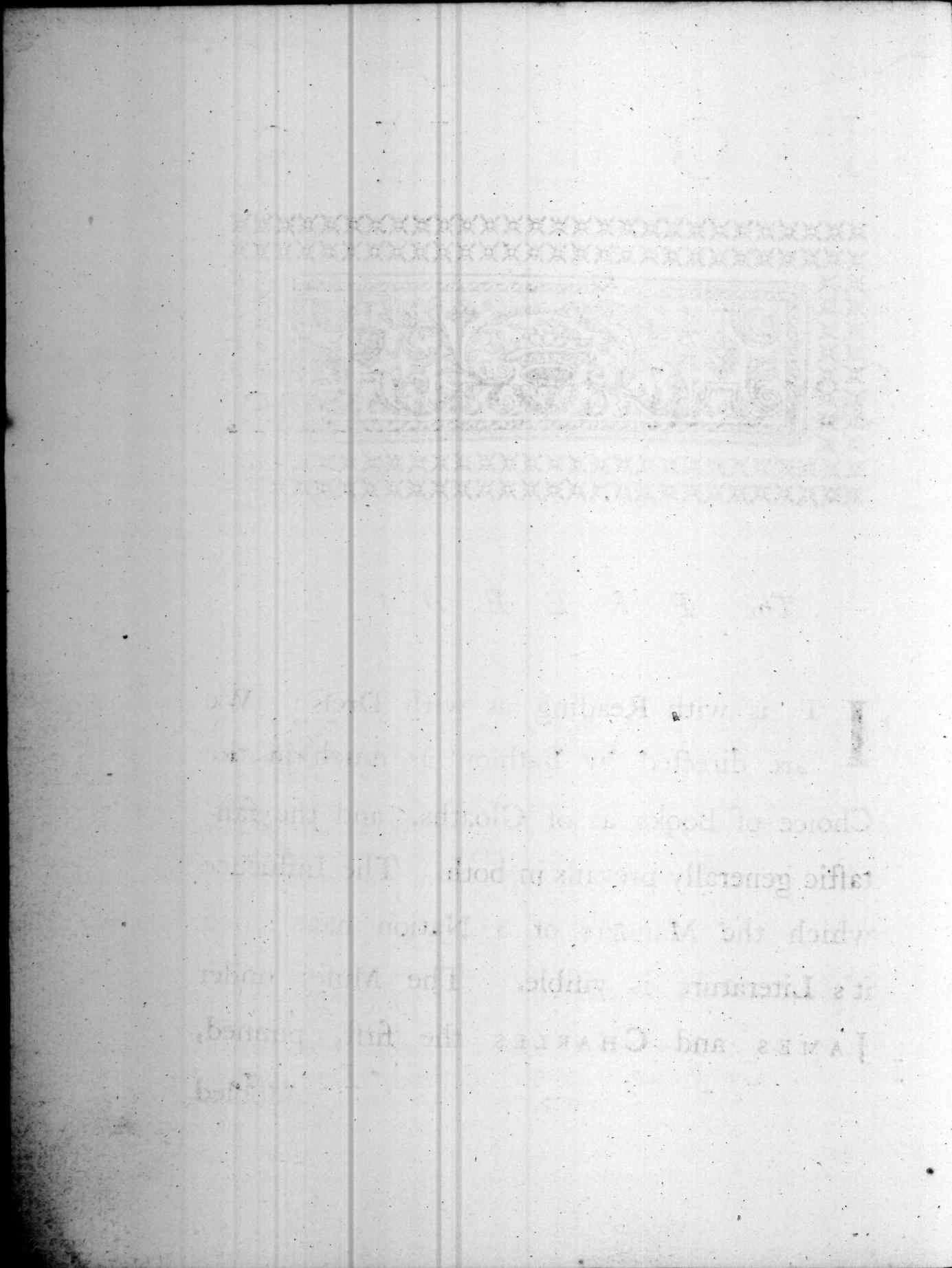
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L I N C O L N :

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## *The P R E F A C E.*

**I**T is with Reading as with Dress: We are directed by Fashion as much in the Choice of Books as of Cloaths, and the fantastic generally prevails in both. The Influence which the Manners of a Nation have upon it's Literature is visible. The Muses under JAMES and CHARLES the first, punned,

quibbled and wrote controversial Divinity. For CHARLES the second They talked double Entendre, and furnished the Beau Monde with all sorts of Songs and Catches for Love, Hunting, and Drinking. In some later Reigns They have been better employed.

But the poor Muse of Wit, like most of her Votaries, has generally got her Living very hardly. With Mr. COWLEY She lived in a decent Way, but was obliged, when He walked out, to carry his writing Implements, and to keep Watch while He slept in the Shade. With Lord ROCHESTER She led an

infamous

infamous Life, and certainly a more filthy Drab never plied in Drury. Under Dr. SWIFT her Condition was somewhat mended, for She was made necessary Woman to Madam CLOACINA; and the Reader will not be displeased to hear that, since the Doctor's Demise, another Reverend Gentleman has introduced her to the World in the Character of a Mid-wife, and that She is likely to continue in the profitable Practice of her Art.

While She has thus her Hands full, the good-natured Reader will not expect much from Her in the following Poems. If the

Author

Author has any Merit it is this, that He has been industrious to please. To cover the Defect of Genius He has endeavour'd to amuse by different kinds of Poetry, and for Elegance to substitute Variety. All the following Pieces are the Production of early Years, but that ought not be considered as an Apology. Some of the finest Performances in every Language are the Efforts of young Imagination. The Flights of Juvenile Fancy are lofty, wild, and various. The Works of a young Poet are like natural Landships, where every Thing is easy, grotesque and careless. The laboured Performances of Age are like regular Gardens, which we visit rather to exercise the Judgment than to regale the Imagination.

However,

However, if little can be found to entertain in these Poems I hope there will be still less to offend ; as nothing has been admitted that is inconsistent with good Nature, or good Manners ; for the Want of which no Wit can atone.

If any one, into whose Hands these Works may fall, be dissatisfied with his Purchase ; let Him remember that they are published for the Relief of a Gentleman in distress, and that He has not thrown away Five Shillings in the Purchase of a worthless Book, but contributed so much to the Assistance of indigent merit. I had rather have my Readers feel that Plea-

sure

sure which arises from the Sense of having done one virtuous Deed than all they can enjoy from the Works of Poetry and Wit.

After this Declaration, I hope, it will scarce be necessary to apologize for the Republication of some Pieces that have been printed before.

To my few Friends, who have contributed to relieve the Gentleman I recommended to their Assistance, I beg Leave to offer my Thanks: their generous Contributions add to the Esteem--- they cannot add to the Affection I have for Them.

HACKTHORNE,

November 21. 1760.

T H E

•CATHERINE SODERICK (1742)

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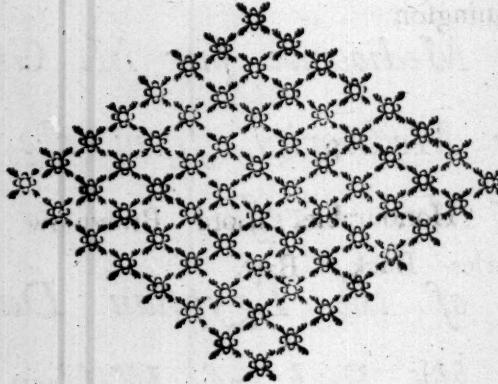
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## E R R A T A.

Page 2. instead of *for breathing* read *that, breathing*. P. 13. for *Echo's Echoes*. P. 15. after *Sigh*; a semicolon. P. 22. after *left behind a Period*. *ibid.* between *Village* and *Cot* a single Hyphen. P. 56. after *Pride* a Comma, P. 58. for *sweetly-pensive* read *sweetly-rural*. P. 67. for *resing'd resig'd*. P. 72. for *pendant, pendent*. P. 76. after *Groves dele* Comma. P. 79. for *splended, splendid*. P. 88. for *murm'rin murm'ring*. P. 118. after *Latian Lord* a Period. P. 143. for *whose Thoughts whose Thought*. P. 147. for *Trivoli's Trivolis*. *ibid.* for *Tributary Tributary*. P. 149. for *Egyption, Egyptian*. *ibid.* after *Nature*, a Period. *ibid.* after *appall'd* a Comma. P. 62. for *essencial essential*. P. 179. for *the auspicious th' auspicious*. P. 127. dele *Raise*.

FOR (or read 162  
hereat or Errata)

10  
A

---

# P O E M

To THE MEMORY OF

Mr. H A N D E L.

SPIRITS of Music, and ye Powers of  
Song,

That wak'd to painful Melody the Lyre  
Of young JESSIDES, when on GILBOA's Mount,  
He wept o'er bleeding Friendship ; ye that  
mourn'd,

While

While Freedom drooping oe'r EUPHRATES'

Stream,

Her penfive Harp on the pale Osier hung,

Begin once more the sorrow-soothing Lay.

Ah! where shall now the Muse fit Numbers  
find?

What Accents pure to greet thy tuneful Shade?

Sweet Harmonist! 'Twas thine, the tender Fall

Of Pity's plaintive Lay; for thee the Stream

Of silver-winding Music sweeter play'd,

And purer flow'd from Thee, --- all silent now

† Those Airs that, ~~breath~~ breathing o'er the Breast  
of THAMES,

Led amorous ECHO down the long, long Vale,

Delighted; studious from thy sweeter Strain

To melodise her own; when the sad Hour

† The Water-Music.

She

*several OCCASIONS.* (3)

She mourns in Anguish o'er the Golden Breast  
Of young NARCISSUS. From their amber Urns,  
† Parting their green Locks streaming in the sun,  
The NAIADS rose and smil'd; Nor since the Day,  
When first by Music, and by Freedom led  
From Grecian ACIDALE; nor since the Day,  
When last from ARNO's weeping Fount they  
came,

To smooth the Ringlets of SABRINA's Hair,  
Heard they like Minstrelsy ---- Fountains and  
Shades

Of TWIT'NAM, and of WINDSOR fam'd in Song!  
Ye Mounts of CLERMONT, and ye Bowers of  
HAM!

That heard the fine Strain vibrate thro' your  
Groves,

† Rorantesq; Comas a Fronte removit ad Aures. *Ovid. Met.*

Ah! where where then your long lov'd Muses fled,  
When HANDEL breath'd no more? ---- and  
Thou, sweet Queen,

That nightly wrapt thy MILTON's hallow'd Ear,  
In the soft Ecstasies of LYDIAN Airs,

\* And since attun'd to HANDEL's high wound  
Lyre

The Lay by Thee suggested; could'ſt not thou  
Soothe with thy sweet Song the grim ‡ Fury's  
Breast ?

Ah! no: from Thee too heav'd the helpless sigh,  
Thy fair Eyes floating in a mournful Tear,  
When MILTON died, and HANDEL breath'd  
no more.

COLD-HEARTED Death ! his wanly-glaring  
Eye

\* L'Allegro and Il Penseroſo, ſet to Music by Mr. HANDEL.

‡ See MILTON's Lycidas.

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 5 )

Nor Virtue's Smile attracts, nor Fame's loud  
Trump

Can pierce his Iron Ear, for ever barr'd  
To gentle Sounds; the golden Voice of Song,  
That charms the gloomy Partner of his Birth,  
That soothes Despair and Pain, he hears no more,  
Than rude Winds blust'ring from the CAMBRIAN  
Cliffs,

The Traveller's feeble Lay. To court fair Fame,  
To toil with slow Steps up the Star-crown'd Hill,  
Where Science, leaning on her sculptur'd Urn,  
Looks conscious on the secret-working Hand  
Of Nature; on the Wings of Genius borne,  
To soar above the beaten Walks of Life,  
Is, like the Paintings of an Evening Cloud,  
Th' Amusement of an Hour. Night, gloomy  
Night

Spreads her black Wings, and all the Vision dies.

E R E long, the Heart that heaves this Sigh  
to Thee,

Shall beat no more! ere long, on this fond Lay  
Which mourns at HANDEL's Tomb, insulting  
Time

Shall strew his cankering Rust. thy Strain,  
perchance,

Thy sacred Strain shall the hoar Warrior spare ;  
For Sounds like thine, at Nature's early Birth,  
Arous'd Him slumbering on the dead Profound  
Of dusky Chaos; by the golden Harps  
Of choral Angels summon'd to his Race ;  
And sounds like thine, when Nature is no more,  
Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd toils  
Of twice ten Thousand Years. ---- O would  
his Hand

Yet spare some Portion of this vital Flame,  
The trembling Muse that now faint Effort makes

On

*several OCCASIONS.* (7)

On young and artless Wing, should bear thy  
Praise .

Sublime, above the mortal Bounds of Earth,  
With heavenly Fires relume her feeble Ray,  
And learn of Seraphs how to sing of Thee.

I FEEL, I feel the sacred Impulse ---- hark!  
Wak'd from according Lyres the sweet Strains  
flow

In Symphony divine ; from Air to Air  
The trembling Numbers fly ; swift bursts away  
The flow of Joy ; now swells the flight of Praise.  
Springs the shrill trump aloft ; the toiling chords  
Melodious labour thro' the flying Maze ;  
And the deep Base his strong Sounds rolls away,  
Majestically sweet ----- Yet, HANDEL, raise,  
Yet wake to higher Strains thy Sacred Lyre ;  
The Name of Ages the Supreme of things,

The

The great MESSIAH asks it; He whose Hand  
Led into Form yon everlasting Orbs,  
The Harmony of Nature ---- He whose Hand  
Stretch'd o'er the Wilds of Space this beauteous  
Ball,

Whose Spirit breathes thro' all his smiling Works  
Music and Love --- yet, HANDEL, raise the Strain.

Hark! what angelic Sounds, what Voice divine  
Breathes thro' the ravish't Air! my rapt Ear feels  
The Harmony of Heaven. Hail sacred Choir!  
Immortal Spirits, hail! If haply those  
That erst in favour'd PALESTINE proclaim'd  
Glory and Peace; her Angel-haunted Groves,  
Her piny Mountains, and her golden Vales  
Re-echo'd Peace --- But, Oh! suspend the Strain--  
The swelling Joy's too much for mortal bounds!  
'Tis transport even to pain. Oh, lead me then,

Convey

*several OCCASIONS.* (9)

Convey me to the sad, the mournful Scene,  
Where trembling Nature saw her GOD expire.  
Flow, stupid Tears! and veil the conscious Eye  
That yet presumes to gaze----  
Flow stupid Tears ! in vain--- ye too confess  
That He alone unequal'd Sorrow bore.

BUT, hark ! what pleasing Sounds invite  
mine Ear,  
So venerably sweet ? 'Tis SION's Lute.  
Behold her + Hero ! from his valiant Brow  
Looks JUDA's Lyon, on his Thigh the Sword  
Of vanquish'd APOLLONIUS --- The shrill Trump  
Thro' BETHORON proclaims th' approaching  
Fight.

I see the brave Youth lead his little Band,

+ Judas Maccabeus.

B

With

With toil and hunger faint; yet from his Arm  
 The rapid Syrian flies. Thus HENRY once,  
 The British HENRY, with his way-worn Troop,  
 Subdued the Pride of France --- now louder  
 blows

The martial Clangor, lo NICANOR's Hof!  
 With threat'ning Turrets crown'd, slowly  
 advance

The ponderous Elephants. ——————  
 The blazing Sun, from many a golden Shield  
 Reflected, gleams afar. Judean Chief!  
 How shall thy Force, thy little Force sustain  
 The dreadful Shock! ——————

\* The Hero comes --- 'Tis boundless Mirth,  
 and Song,  
 And Dance, and Triumph; every labouring  
 String,

\* Chorus of Youth's, in Judas Maccabeus,

And

*several OCCASIONS.* ( ii )

And Voice, and breathing Shell in Concert strain  
To swell the Raptures of tumultuous Joy.

O Master of the Passions and the Soul,  
Seraphic HANDEL! how shall words describe  
Thy Music's countless Graces, nameless Powers!

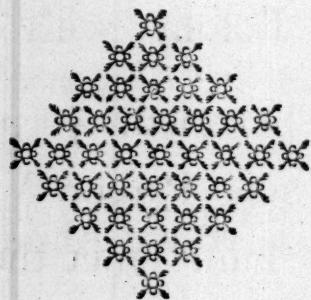
WHEN † He of GAZA, blind, and sunk in  
Chains,  
On female Treachery looks greatly down,  
How the Breast burns indignant! in thy strain,  
When sweet-voic'd Piety resigns to Heaven,  
Glows not each Bosom with the Flame of  
Virtue?

O'ER JEPHTHA's votive Maid when the soft  
Lute

† See the Oratorio of Samson.

Sounds the slow Symphony of Funeral Grief,  
What youthful Breast but melts with tender Pity!  
What Parent bleeds not with a Parent's woe!

O, longer than this worthless Lay can live!  
While Fame and Music sooth the human Ear;  
Be this thy praise: to lead the polish'd Mind  
To Virtue's noblest Heights; to light the Flame  
Of British Freedom, rouse the generous Thought,  
Refine the Passions, and exalt the Soul  
To Love, to Heaven, to Harmony and Thee.



*several OCCASIONS. ( 13 )*

A  
**M O N O D Y**

O N T H E

*Death of the Author's Mother.*

I.

**T**H E flat Wave slept ;  
The spent Breeze loiter'd on the  
Osier-Spray,

When young MENALCAS took his penfive Way,  
And near his native E D E N wept.

2.

Ye Groves ! he cried, ye poplar Shades :  
That in these Parent-Vallies play,  
Ye Bowers where Fancy met the tuneful Maids :  
Ye Mountains vocal with my doric Lay !  
Ah ! teach your Echoes to complain

In

In Sighs of solemn woe, in broken Sounds  
of Pain.

## 3.

For her I mourn,  
Now the cold Tenant of the silent Urn ;  
For Her bewail these Strains of Woe,  
For Her these filial Sorrows flow,  
Source of my Life, that led my tender Years,  
With all a Parent's pious Fears ;  
That nurs'd my Infant-thought, and taught my  
Mind to grow.

## 4.

Careful, She mark'd each dang'rous Way  
Where Youth's unwary footsteps stray ;  
She taught the struggling Passions to subside ;  
Where sacred Truth, and Reason guide,  
In Virtue's glorious Path to seek the Realms  
of day.

Lamented

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 15 )

Lamented Goodness ! yet I see  
The fond Affections melting in her Eye :  
She bends it's tearful Orb on me ;  
And, hark ! She heaves the tender Sigh ;  
As thoughtful She the Toils surveys  
That crowd in Life's perplexing Maze,  
And for Her Children feels again,  
All, all that Love can fear, and all that Fear  
can feign.

6.

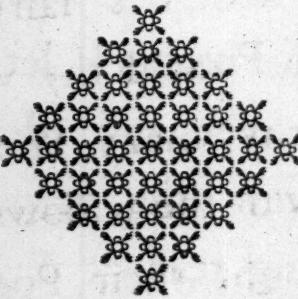
O best of Parents ! let me pour  
My Sorrows o'er thy silent Bed ;  
There early strew the vernal Flow'r,  
The parting tear at Evening Shed :  
Alas ! are these the only Meed  
Of each kind Thought, each virtuous Deed ?  
These fruitless Offerings that embalm the dead.

Hope

7.

Hope, paint no more thy Prospects fair,  
No more thy golden Visions spread :  
Thy splendid Scenes dissolv'd in Air ;  
Thy fairy Prospects fled.

With Her they fled, on whose lamented Bier  
Young Gratitude dropt many a Tear,  
Nor longer hop'd her Pains t' affwage,  
Or chear the Languors of declining Age.



A N O D E,

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 17 )

## O D E I.

T O T H E

## R I V E R E D E N.

D ELIGHTFUL EDEN! Parent Stream,  
Yet shall the Maids of Mem'ry say,  
When, led by FANCY's fairy Dream,  
    My young Steps trac'd thy winding way;  
How oft along thy mazy Shore,  
Where slowly wav'd the willows hoar,  
    In pensive thought their Poet stray'd;  
Or, dosing near thy meadow'd side,  
Beheld thy dimly waters glide,  
    Bright thro' the trembling Shade.

C

Yet

Yet shall they paint those Scenes again,  
Where once with Infant-Joy He play'd,  
And bending o'er thy Liquid Plain,  
    The azure worlds below survey'd:  
Led by the rosy-handed HOURS,  
When Time trip'd o'er that Bank of Flowers,  
    Which in thy chrystral Bosom smil'd :  
Tho' old the God, yet light and gay,  
He flung his Glass, his Scythe away,  
    And seem'd himself a Child.

The Poplar tall, that, waving near,  
    Would whisper to thy murmurs free ;  
Yet rustling seems to soothe mine Ear,  
    And trembles when I sigh for thee.  
Yet seated on thy shelving Brim,  
Can FANCY see the Naiads trim  
    Burnish their green Locks in the Sun ;  
Or at the last lone Hour of Day,  
To chase the lightly glancing Fay,  
    In airy Circles run.

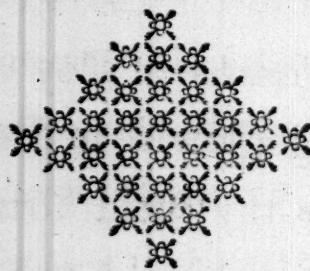
*several OCCASIONS.* ( 19 )

But, FANCY, can thy mimic Power  
Again those happy Moments bring ?  
Can'st thou restore that golden Hour,  
When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing ?  
When first in EDEN's rosy Vale,  
My full Heart pour'd the Lover's Tale,  
The Vow sincere, devoid of Guile !  
While DELIA in her panting Breast,  
With Sighs, the tender thought supprest,  
And look'd as Angels smile.

O Goddess of the christal Brow,  
That dwell'st the golden Meads among ;  
Whose Streams still fair in memory flow,  
Whose murmurs melodize my Song !  
Oh ! yet those gleams of Joy display,  
Which brightning glow'd in FANCY's Ray,  
When, near thy lucid Urn reclin'd,  
The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her Breast,

And left, in naked Charms imprest,  
Her Image on my mind.

In vain--- the Maids of MEMORY fair  
No more in golden Visions play ;  
No Friendship smoothes the Brow of Care,  
No DELIA's Smile approves my Lay.  
Yet, Love and Friendship lost to me,  
'Tis yet some Joy to think of thee,  
And in thy Breast this Moral find ;  
That Life, tho' stain'd with Sorrow's Showers,  
Shall flow serene, while VIRTUE pours  
Her Sunshine on the Mind .



*several OCCASIONS.* (21)

O D E II.

T O

CONTENTMENT.

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine musas*

*Dicit, & immemores non sinit esse sui.*

DIVINE CONTENTMENT! Cottage-born,

Do thou inspire my easy lay;

Let no vain wish, no thought forlorn,

Disturb the calm, the peaceful Day.

Forget'st thou when we wander'd o'er

The sylvan BELA's sedgy shore,

Or rang'd the woodland wilds along?

How

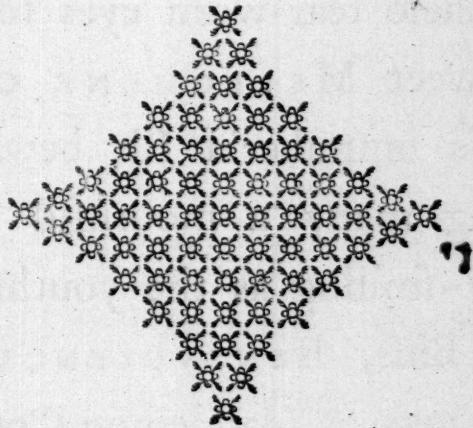
How oft on HERCLAY's mountains high,  
We've met the morning's purple eye,  
Delay'd by many a Song.

From these delights by Fortune led,  
To busy Life and Crowds confin'd ;  
At once each golden pleasure fled ;  
For Thou, lov'd Nymph, was left behind,.  
Yet cou'd these Eyes once more survey  
Thy comely Form in mantle grey,  
Thy polish'd brow, thy peaceful eye ;  
With Thee, where e'er Thou deign'st to dwell,  
In Village-~~+~~ Cot, or Hermit's Cell,  
With Thee I'd live and die.

Ah where is now each Image gay,  
The Hand of Fairy FANCY wove,  
Of painted Springs, Elysian day,  
The sparkling Rill, the bloomy Grove ?  
Cease,

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 23 )

Cease, cruel M E M' R Y ! think no more  
Of Scenes, which lost I now deplore,  
Abandon'd wild to care and woe ;  
With loss of Eden's peaceful fide,  
Eternal Grief and Pain betide  
The vain Desire to know !



O D E III.

## O D E III.

O N

## BENEVOLENCE.

D ELIGHTLESS queen of gloomy Woe!  
No more thy sadly solemn strain  
Shall teach these tear-worn eyes to flow,  
Tho' sweet MELPOMENE complain,  
And Life's unnumber'd Ills bewail,  
Recounting many a mournful Tale.  
Behold ! gay-smiling as the youthful Spring,  
Parent of Bliss, BENEVOLENCE divine  
The cheerful rays of gladdening Comfort bring,  
And gild the gloom of Melancholy's shrine!  
Dejected Care at her approach is gay,  
And heavy Discontent turns fullenly away.

With

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 25 )

With her, what e'er delights the Heart,  
The Joys of social Life among,  
The Charms that Beauty's smiles impart,  
The Graces' dance, the Muses' Song,  
The sparkling Glass, the spicy Bowl,  
Doubly pleasing, steal the Soul.

Tho' born of Heaven, she mourns no Realms  
above,

Nor sighs in absence of a happier Day;  
Pleas'd the dull Scenes of human joy t'improve,  
The Smiles and Graces round their Goddess  
play;

With Wreaths fresh-blooming her fair brows  
adorn,

Where in mild lust're beams the radiance of  
the Morn.

Yet have I seen in Tears those Eyes,  
Where Smiles of lively Pleasure dwell;

D

Yet

Yet have I seen, with bursting Sighs,  
That joy-dilated Bosom swell ;  
When Pity taught the Tear to flow,  
The Heart to melt with generous woe.  
As the fond Parent that with eager arms,  
In anguish, folds her dying Infant fair;  
As guardian Angels, when some grief alarms,  
Or some dread Ruin threatens their thoughtless  
care ;  
Oft have I seen her o'er Distress complain,  
Rear the low-drooping head, and sooth the  
Heart in pain.

In lonely wilds, and Desarts drear,  
To Life's luxurious Joys unknown ;  
Where Sorrow sheds her silent Tear,  
And want unpity'd pines alone ;  
In search of Grief she loves to stray,  
Nor scorns the tenement of clay.

When

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 27 )

When pale-eye'd Famine leads her ghastly train,  
Disease and Anguish, round the mourning  
land;

Where e'er she smiles, the Furies rage in vain,  
By Her supprest in \* SAVILE's bounteous  
hand.

Hail, generous Youth ! whom thus the fair  
inspires,

Whose glowing breast she fills with her celestial  
fires !

O may the boundless Wish to bleſs,  
By Time or Parties unconfin'd,  
Inspire THEE, as in fond Excess  
It fills the firſt all-gracious MIND ;  
Whose Favours, far-diffusive, fall ;  
Whose Eye benignant smiles on all.

\* SIR GEORGE SAVILE BART.

D 2

For

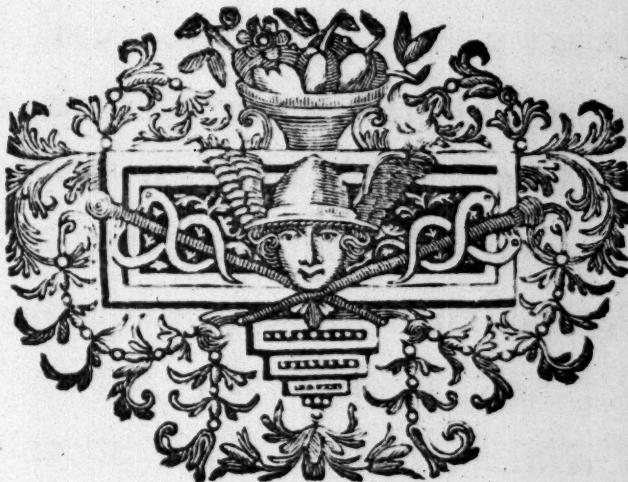
For thee while Seasons spread, profusely kind,  
The carmine bed, or rosy-blooming Bower !  
That God of Seasons, for the lowly Hind,  
Taught the wild furze to wear a golden flower ;  
Taught the poor Slave that reaps the genial grain,  
With joy to see it bloom, and sweep the loaded  
Plain.

How blest with whom, tho' lowly born,  
Divine BENEVOLENCE shall dwell !  
His humble Virtues to adorn,  
While Peace plays round his lonely Cell ;  
No fruitless Wish shall wound his Breast,  
No tort'ring Envy banish Rest ;  
While HE, whose Bounty fills the pregnant Field  
With Spring's fair Herbage, and with Au-  
tumn's Gold,

Who

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 29 )

Who bids the Rock refreshing Waters yield,  
And the tall Blade her shining ear unfold,  
Supplies the little, Nature's want requires,  
And sweet BENEVOLENCE, and calm CONTENT  
inspires.



O D E I V.

## O D E   I V.

O N

## B E A U T Y.

FAR from the noise of Life retir'd,  
AMYNTAS lov'd the rural Plain,  
Fair Nature in her simple Charms admir'd,  
And felt a Lover's bliss, without his Pain ;  
While Beauty's Parent gilt the rosy Morn,  
Play'd on the Stream, or purple-beaming  
Flower ;  
And while refracted Rays adorn  
The Bow that speaks th' approaching shower ;  
The purest pleasures fill'd the Shepherd's heart ;  
The force of Beauty, undisguis'd by Art.

Thrice

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 31 )

Thrice happy Youth ! like him I strove  
In Fields to find an easy breast,  
Sought the clear Stream, the rosy-blossom'd  
Grove,  
And view'd the paintings of AURORA's Vest.  
Ah vain resource ! the pleasing hope how vain !  
Tho' seated in this sweetly-blooming shade ;  
The cruel Darts of forceful Pain  
My lov'd Retirement still invade :  
The truant Thought to distant Objects strays,  
And leaves these Eyes in an unmeaning gaze.

'Tis not in FLORA's rosy Smile,  
Nor PHOEBUS ! thine, tho' great thy charms,  
The Lover's Pain a moment to beguile,  
When Fancy leads to DELIA's absent arms.  
Ah where is now the Look divinely fair,  
Those Eyes that speak a Language not  
unknown,  
Where

Where now the sweetly-winning air,  
That Beauty's all-encircling zone ?  
The long-lov'd Image in my breast I bear,  
For ever absent, yet for ever there !

Not in LAVINIA's lofty mien,  
Nor FLORIBELLA's blooming Face,  
Not in the soft DULCISSA's look serene,  
Nor, sweet AMANDA ! in thy easy Grace ;  
Not in the vermil Cheek, nor soften'd Air,  
Nor Features just, my DELIA's form I find ;  
In whom, with nicely judging Care,  
Has Beauty all her Charms combin'd ;  
Form'd in Perfection's heav'n-wrought Robe to  
shine,  
As VENUS fair, as HAMILTON Divine !

What art thou, Beauty ! whence thy Pow'r,  
That thus persuasive charms the Heart,  
When

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 33 )

When thy fair Hand adorns the roseate Bow'r,  
Or blooming Virgin, pride of all thy art?  
Oft as thy Lines in fair Proportion flow,  
And mingled Beauties in one piece unite,  
If HOWARD's hand the Grace bestow,  
The Lifeless Picture gives Delight.  
Oft have thy Charms with added Lustre shone  
On KNELLER's Canvas and PALLADIO's  
Stone.

Let him whose tow'ring Thought can trace  
Creation's well conducted Plan,  
Let NEWTON, Pupil of the Gods! confess  
Thy hand in various Nature, as in Man.  
Cou'd swift-ey'd fancy pierce yon ambient skies,  
To him who dwells in perfect Beauty fair,  
What Transports in the Soul would rise,  
To view Thee thron'd in Glory there!  
But humbler Scenes the human Eye requires,  
In these enjoys Thee, and in those admires.

## E L E G Y I.

To Miss \_\_\_\_\_

## The Complaint of her Ring-Dove.

FAR from the Smiles of blue Hesperian  
Skies,

Far from those Vales, where flow'ry Pleasures  
dwell,

( Dear Scenes of Freedom lost to these sad Eyes ! )

How hard to languish in this lonely Cell !

When genial Gales relume the Fires of Love,

When laughing Spring leads round the jo-  
cund Year ;

Ah view with Pity, gentle Maid ! your Dove,

From every heart-felt Joy secluded here.

To

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 35 )

To Me no more the laughing Spring looks gay,  
Nor annual Loves relume my languid Breast:  
Dull Time drags on the long, delightless Day,  
In mournful Silence, and unvaried Rest.

Ah! what avails that dreaming Fancy roves  
Thro' the wild Beauties of her native Reign!  
Breathes in green Fields, and feeds in freshening  
Groves,  
To wake to Anguish in this hopeless Chain!

Yet, fondly sooth'd with Pity's tend'rest Care,  
Yet, tho' by Delia's gentle Hand careft,  
For the free Forest, and the boundless Air,  
The Rebel, Nature, murmurs in my Breast.

Ah! let not Nature, Delia, plead in vain!  
Soft be your Manners, as your Form is fair!  
Restore Me to my native Wilds again,  
To the free Forest, and the boundless Air.

## E L E G Y II.

From the Country to two Ladies  
in Town.

J O Y crown your Hours, Ye gentle Ladies  
twain !

And Pleasance blithe your laughing Moments  
lead !

So might You not the humble Bard disdain,  
That breathes his wild Notes from the lowly  
Reed.

So might you now the weeping Muse forgive,  
That pours her Plaint to Ladies' gentle Ear ;  
For other off'ring none has She to give,  
Save the sad Accent, or the joyless Tear.

The

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 37 )

The jocund Reed that tun'd the lively Lay,  
And ~~H~~ Y D ~~E~~ I ~~E~~ wak'd the morn-  
ing Song,

Now, all to waste the slowly-wending Day,  
In dull Notes drives the leaden Hours along.

Since She, whose Genius o'er this Furze-wild  
~~embled along a~~ Plain,  
At Eve, or Morn, led forth the Graces fair,  
Play'd round the Heart with Humour's plea-  
sing Vein,  
Or soar'd with Fancy thro' the Fields of Air.

Since She no more, beneath the Moon's mild  
Ray,  
With Sounds harmonious wakes the slum-  
bering Vale ;  
Nor Black-bird, listening from his nightly Spray,  
In rival Strains renew's his amorous Tale.

Ah !

Ah! who shall now, from \* H A W D O N ' s melt-  
ing Lays,

Swell the sweet Strain --- the dying Cadence  
draw ;

With Melody divine the rapt Soul raise,

Nor leave confin'd one ling'ring Thought  
below ?

In vain new Life the genial Seasons bring,

The Green Groves bloom, the laughing  
Flow'rs arise ;

Can all the Beauties of the breathing Spring

Smile thro' the Tears of these distressful Eyes ?

The Stream flow-fretting o'er the Time-worn  
Stone;

The choral Song, the Garden's bloomy Boast,

\* The Author owes this Compliment to Mr. Hawdon for the pleasure He has received from a particular Piece of Music of His.

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 39 )

Ah what avail! --- Can these Delights atone  
For sweeter Strains, for fairer Beauties lost?

Yet, tho' AUGUSTA boast her Latian Choirs,  
Her warbling Train from Arno's silver Side;  
Tho' glowing Art her Sons of Glory fires,  
And golden Pleasure rolls her mazy Tide;

Yet cannot Nature equal Pleasures yield,  
Where flows the Wood-Lark's Music un-  
confin'd?

In the gay Vesture of yon painted Field,  
Where beams the Beauty of the PERFECT  
MIND?

With Love of HIM, with Love of Nature fir'd,  
O haste from London's noisy Haunts away!  
At Ease in -----'s humble Vale retir'd,  
Reap the calm Blessings of the peaceful Day.

ELEGY III.

## E L E G Y III.

Written at Pontefract Castle.

RIGHTE sung the Bard, that all-involving  
Age,

With hand impartial, deals the ruthless blow ;  
That War, wide-wasting, with impetuous rage,  
Lays the tall Spire, and sky-crown'd turret  
low.

A Pile stupendous, once of fair Renown,  
This mould'ring mass of shapeless Ruin rose,  
Where nodding Heights of fractur'd Columns  
frown,

And Birds obscene in ivy-bow'r's repose ;

Oft

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 41 )

Oft the pale Matron from the threatening Wall,  
Suspicious, bids her heedless Children fly ;  
Oft as he views the meditated Fall,  
Full swiftly steps the frightened Peasant by.

But more respectful views th' Historic Sage,  
Musing, these awful Relics of Decay,  
That once a Refuge form'd from hostile Rage,  
In HENRY's and in EDWARD's dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the Mighty Dead,  
That erst have trod this desolated Ground ;  
Reflects how here unhappy SALSBURY bled,  
Nor Refuge from the Pop'lar fury found.

Rest, gentle RIVERS ! and ill-fated GRAY !  
A flow'r or tear oft strews your humble grave,  
Whom Envy slew, to pave Ambition's way,  
And whom a Monarch wept in vain to save.

F

Ah !

Ah ! what avail'd th' Alliance of a Throne ?

The pomp of Titles what, or Pow'r rever'd ?  
Happier to these the humble Life unknown,  
With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the Sons of bleeding Britain thought,  
When hapless here inglorious RICHARD lay,  
Yet many a Prince, whose blood full dearly  
bought

The shameful triumph of the long-fought day :

Yet many a Hero, whose defeated hand  
In Death resign'd the well contested Field,  
Had in his Offspring sav'd a sinking Land,  
The Tyrant's terror, and the Nation's shield.

Ill could the Muse indignant Grief forbear,  
Should Mem'ry trace her bleeding Country's  
Woes :

Ill could she count, without a bursting Tear,  
Th' inglorious Triumphs of the vary'd Rose !

While

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 43 )

While Y O R K, with Conquest and Revenge elate,  
Insulting, Triumphs on St. Alban's Plain,  
Who views, but pities H E N R Y 's hapless fate,  
Himself a Captive, and his Leaders slain ?

Ah Prince ! unequal to the toils of War,  
To stem Ambition, Faction's rage to quell ;  
Happier from these had Fortune plac'd thee far,  
In some lone Convent, or some peaceful Cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious Queen  
Repair'd the Ruins of that dreadful Day ?  
That vanquish'd Y O R K, on Wakefield's purple  
Green,  
Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay :

In vain fair Vict'ry beam'd the gladd'ning Eye,  
 And, waving oft her golden Pinions, smil'd ;  
 Full soon the flatt'ring Goddess meant to fly,  
 Full rightly deem'd unsteady Fortune's Child.

Let Towton's field --- but cease the dismal tale :  
 For much it's horrors would the Muse appall,  
 In softer Strains suffice it to bewail  
 The Patriot's Exile, or the Heroe's fall.

Thus silver Wharf\*, whose chrystral-sparkling  
 Urn

Reflects the brilliance of his blooming Shore,  
 Still, melancholy-mazing, seems to mourn,  
 But rolls, confus'd, a crimson Wave no more.

\* A River near the Scene of Battle : where the Lancastrians  
 being worsted, 35,000 Men perished.

*several OCCASIONS.* (45)

## E L E G Y IV.

*A Midnight Scene: An Apostrophe  
to the Memory of an unfortunate Young Lady.*

'T IS solemn Darkness all, and Silence  
deep;

The Love-lorn Warbler ends her wailing  
Song,

And Wisdom's Bird awhile forgets in sleep  
His Tale of sorrow, for the Night too long:

In downy Rest all active Beings lie,  
Quick Fancy's tow'ring Wing, and Beauty's  
sun-clad Eye.

Not

Not Fancy's wing has flatt'ring rest confin'd ;  
Her roving flight can heavy Sleep restrain ?  
Ev'n now the Goddess swift outstrips the wind,  
Darts thro' the Skies, or skims the rolling  
Main.

At this lone hour, she foreign Worlds explores,  
Basks in new-blazing Suns, and treads on golden  
Shores.

Still Silence reigns, save for the fullen Knell  
Which round yon time-shrunk Abbey's  
Clock has spread,  
While in the Ruins of her vaulted Cell  
Night-wand'ring Echo lifts her languid Head :  
Mean Time, with Midnight, from his Cavern  
drear  
Bounds many a Spectre grim, begot by hoary fear.

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 47 )

Ill fares the Wretch, benighted and alone,  
No friendly Lamp to guide his weary way,  
Tho' doom'd to pass thro' horrid Deeps  
unknown,  
O'er steepy Cliffs, or Desarts wild, to stray;  
While busy Fancy forms new Scenes of Woe,  
Fearful he steals along, with trembling steps,  
and flow.

Yet some would these terrific Scenes despise,  
Would Danger's frown, however dreadful,  
brave,  
And while black Midnight veils the fable skies,  
Tread the wild Heath, or tempt the faith-  
less wave;  
When slighted Love, or solitary Care,  
Congenial horrors seek, the haunts of pale despair.

Long

Long, poor LUCINDA! wilt thou wake my  
Woe,

Ill-fated Victim of disastrous Love!  
Whose grief cou'd teach the savage tear to flow,  
Whose Plaint could more than human Pity  
move :

Night darker gloom'd, unwilling to survey  
Those lovely Eyes in Death, whose Beams  
abash'd the Day.

Say, ye sad Gales ! her dying sighs ye bore;  
Ye Fountain-maids ! that heard her plain-  
tive strain,

All as she wander'd o'er the dreary Shore,  
Say, did not thus the Mourning Fair  
complain ?

When, long imprison'd, from her lab'ring breast  
Burst the big-swelling Grief, in groans and tears  
exprest.

“ Has

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 49 )

“ Has she, whom late the raptur'd Youth  
ador'd,

“ Late the gay Queen of beauty and of love,

“ Has she compassion from her slave implor'd,

“ And fail'd that Pity, which she gave, to  
move ?

“ She has ! --- for ever veil your conscious light,

“ Ye Glowing Orbs, that gild the friendly  
gloom of Night !

“ Yet woud'ft thou once, ungrateful as thou  
art ! ----

“ But why --- why will distracted Fancy  
rave ?

“ Sooner shall Anguish tear this wounded  
Heart,

“ Till Death conduct Me to the sleeping  
Grave.

G

“ In

“ In friendly death these tears shall cease to flow,  
“ And this swoln Breast resign it's load of  
painsful Woe.”

She said ; and silent sought this mournful  
shade,

In solemn Woe slow roll'd this ample Tide ;  
Each Breeze in sighs thro' trembling Oziers  
play'd,

And love-lorn Echo piteously reply'd.

Condolence vain ! ah what avail'd to find  
Than savage-hearted Man, the Winds and  
Waves more kind.

Yet

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 51 )

Yet hadst thou then her awful Silence seen,  
As wild and trembling o'er this Bank she  
stood,

Ungentle Youth ! LUCINDA still had been,  
Nor perish'd, sunk beneath the whelming  
Flood :

Her mute Distress alone had pow'r to move  
And touch th' insenate Soul, that never knew  
to Love.

In this sad Shade here let me lonely mourn,  
The duteous tear to her and friendship pay,  
With one poor Verse inscribe her lowly Urn,  
That many a Trav'ller passing thence may  
say,  
“ Whom thousands worship'd, Nature's, Beau-  
ty's Pride !  
“ That One despis'd, she could not bear,  
and Dy'd ! ”

## E L E G Y V.

**T**H E Eye of Nature never rests from care,  
She guards her Children with a Parent's  
Love ;

And not a Mischief reigns in Earth or Air,  
But Time destroys, or Remedies remove.

In vain no Ill shall haunt the Walks of Life,  
No Vice in vain the human Heart deprave;  
The pois'nous Flower, the Tempest's raging  
Strife

From greater Pain, from greater Ruin save.

**L A V I N I A** form'd with every powerful Grace,  
With all that lights the Flame of young  
Desire ;

Pure Ease of Wit, and Elegance of Face,  
A Soul all Fancy, and an Eye all Fire.

**L A V I N I A**

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 53 )

LAVINIA--- peace! my busy, fluttering Breast!  
Nor fear to languish in thy former Pain :  
At last She yields --- ye Gods!-- the needful rest,  
And frees her Lover from his galling Chain.

The golden Star that leads the radiant Morn,  
Looks not so fair, fresh-rising from the main ;  
But her bent Eye-brow bears forbidding Scorn --  
But Pride's fell Furies every Heart-string  
strain.

LAVINIA! Thanks to thy detested Mind ;  
I now behold Thee with indifferent Eyes ;  
And Reason dares, tho' Love as Death be blind,  
Thy gay, thy worthless Being to despise.

Beauty may charm without one inward Grace,  
And fair Proportions win the captive Heart ;

But

But let rank Pride the pleasing Form debase,  
And Love disgusted breaks his erring Dart.

The Youth that once the sculptur'd Nymph  
admir'd,

Had look'd with scornful Laughter on her  
Charms,

If the vain Form, with recent Life inspir'd,  
Had turn'd disdainful from his offer'd Arms.

Go thoughtless Maid ! of transient Beauty vain,  
Feed the high Thought, the towering Hope  
extend ;

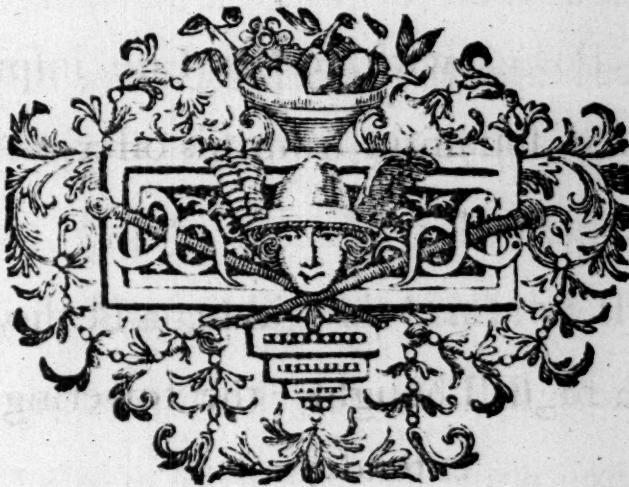
Still may'st thou dream of Splendor in thy Train,  
And smile superb, while Love and Flattery  
bend.

For

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 55 )

For Me--- sweet Peace shall sooth my troubled  
Mind,

And easy Slumbers close my weary Eyes ;  
Since Reason dares, tho' Love as Death be blind,  
Thy gay, thy worthless Being to despise.



SOLITUDE.

## S O L I T U D E.

F O L L Y, cease thy noisy Bell,  
And shake no more thy nodding Plumes  
at me :

No Mirror may'st Thou see  
On the rude Wall of this sequester'd Cell.

Hence! and thy worthleſs Toys display,  
Where two-fac'd Flattery gilds the Bust of Pride,  
Or where thy Meteors glide,  
In countleſs Swarms, the giddy, and the gay.

In these still Shades the blustering Roar  
Of Ignorance perverse, the vain man's Lye,  
And fawning Treachery  
No more deceive Me, and disgust no more.

With

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 57 )

With Eye serene, and Bosoms bare,  
And Brows uncharacter'd with Care,  
Come gentle Peace, and Leisure free,  
Daughters of PHILOSOPHY!  
And lodge beneath this living Screen,  
Of Olive mild, and Myrtle green ;  
Where a clear Stream now smoothly glides,  
Now the struggling Pebbles chides.  
On whose grassy-fringed Side  
Blows the humble Daisy pied,  
And the light Fays in mingled Dance  
O'er the green Turf featly glance.

Or if the still-air'd Evening leads  
O'er the Cowslip-breathing Meads ;  
Let us, while fades in Twilight gray,  
The Gleam that clos'd the parting Day,  
Pursue fair Fancy, where She roves,  
Thro' golden Vales, and spicy Groves.

H

Or

Or does inspiring Autumn shed  
The Glories of his yellow Head ?  
Pensively musing shall we stray  
O'er the leafy - matted Way ?  
Oft list'ning, as we steal along,  
The Music of the plaintive Song.

Hence let Me the rude Paths explore,  
That, winding, scale yon Mountain Hoar ;  
Nor might the Toil be counted vain,  
If there the coy Muse yet remain ;  
The Muse that Fancy oft has seen,  
With Head repos'd on Hillock Green,  
“ Wrapt in some Strain of pensive Gray,”  
Or SHENSTONE’s sweetly ~~pensive~~<sup>pensive</sup> Lay.  
If there, perchance, I found the Cell,  
Where Wisdom’s aweful Parents dwell ;

Permitted

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 59 )

Permitted free my Mind to store,  
With their Heav'n-suggested Lore.  
These, O Solitude divine !  
Pleasures, such as these, are thine.  
H----! well thy Shades shall please,  
Thine are Pleasures such as These.



SOCIETY.

## S O C I E T Y.

H ENCE, gloomy Spleen, and fullen Care!  
Of black-stol'd Night, and horrid Hy-  
dra born,

That lead the Feet forlorn  
All thro' the rueful Regions of Despair.

Hence, to the dark and dire Abode!  
Where Folly mourns in superstition's Chain;

And Priests, devoutly vain,  
Forsake each Virtue to adore their God.

Nor yet, ye deep immured Cells !  
Nor yet, ye dim Gloom ! ought have ye to  
please ;

Where oft, the Mind's Disease,  
Beating her lorn Breast, *Melancholy* dwells.

Far

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 61 )

Far from these, I fly to Thee,  
Blithe-eyed Nymph, SOCIETY;  
In whose Dwelling, free, and fair,  
*Converse* smooths the brow of Care;  
Who, when waggish *Wit* betray'd  
To his Arms a *Sylvan Maid*,  
All beneath a Myrtle Tree,  
In some Vale of *Arcady*,  
Sprung, I ween, from such Embrace,  
The lovely Contrast in her Face.

Perchance, the Muses, as They stray'd,  
Seeking other Spring or Shade,  
On the sweet Child cast an Eye,  
In some Vale of *Arcady*;  
And, blitheſt of the Sisters Three,  
Gave her to *Euphrosyne*.

The

The Grace, delighted, taught her Care  
The Cordial Smile, the placid Air ;  
How to chase, and how restrain  
All the fleet ideal Train ;  
How with apt Words well combin'd  
To form each Image of the Mind ----  
Taught Her how They disagree,  
Aukward Fear, and Modesty,  
And Freedom, and Rusticity.  
  
True Politeness how to know,  
From the superficial Shew ;  
From the Coxcomb's shallow Grace,  
And the many - modell'd Face :  
That Nature's unaffected Ease  
More than studied Forms wou'd please :  
When to check the sportive Vein ;  
When to Fancy give the Rein.

On

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 63 )

On the Subject when to be  
Grave or gay, reserv'd or free :  
The speaking Air, th' impassion'd Eye,  
The living Soul of Symmetry ;  
And that soft Sympathy that binds  
In magic Chains congenial Minds.

*Memory*, Mother of the Nine,  
Led her oft to Learning's Shrine ;  
And taught Her, from the treasur'd Page  
To cull the Flowers of every Age.

Hail, gentle Herald of the Heart !  
Fraught with every pleasing Art ;  
On H-----'s silent Shades, a while,  
“ Sweet Queen of Parley “ deign to smile ;  
For Thee, an Hour I well cou'd spare,  
Stol'n from Solitude and Care.

STUDLEY PARK.

## STUDLEY PARK

T O

The *Reverend* Mr. F——

F——! to Thee these early Lays I owe:  
Thy Friendship warms the Heart from  
whence They flow.

Thee, Thee I find, in all I find to please;  
In this thy Elegance, in that thy Ease.

Come then with Fancy to thy fav'rite Scene,  
Where *Studley* triumphs in her wreaths of Green,  
And pleas'd for once, while EDEN smiles again,  
Forget that Life's Inheritance is Pain.

Say, shall we muse along yon arching Shades,  
Whose aweful gloom no brightning Ray pervades;

Or

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 65 )

Or down these Vales where vernal Flowers display  
Their golden Bosoms to the Smiles of Day,  
Where the fond Eye in sweet Distraction strays,  
Most pleas'd, when most it knows not where  
to gaze ?

Here Groves arrang'd in various Order rise,  
And bend their quiv'ring Summits in the Skies.  
The regal Oak high o'er the circling Shade,  
Exalts the hoary Honours of his Head.  
The spreading Ash a diff'ring Green displays,  
And the smooth Aſp in ſoothing Whispers plays.  
The Fir that blooms in Spring's eternal Prime,  
The ſpiry Poplar, and the ſtately Lime.

Here Moss-clad Walks, there Lawns of lively  
Green,  
United, form one nicely-varying Scene :

I

The

The varying Scene still charms th' attentive sight,  
Or brown with Shades, or op'ning into Light.

Here the gay Tenants of the tuneful Grove,  
Harmonious breathe the Raptures of their Love :  
Each Warbler sweet that hails the genial Spring,  
Lifts the glad Voice, and plies th' expanded  
Wing :

The Love-suggested Song, in varied Strains,  
Flys round the vocal Hills and list'ning Plains ;  
The vocal Hills and list'ning Plains prolong,  
In varied Strains, the Love-suggested Song.  
To Thee, all-bounteous Nature ! Thee they pay  
The welcome Tribute of their grateful Lay.

To Thee, whose kindly-studious Hand prepares  
The fresh'ning Fields and softly-breathing Airs ;  
Whose Parent-Bounty annual still provides  
Of foodful Insects such unbounded Tides.

Beneath

*several OCCASIONS.* (67)

Beneath some friendly Leaf supremely blest,  
Each pours at large the Raptures of his Breast;  
Nor changeful Seasons mourns, nor Storms  
unkind,  
With those contented, and to these ~~refus'd~~ <sup>assigned</sup>.

Here sprightly range the Grove, or skim  
the Plain

The sportive Deer, a nicely-checker'd Train.  
Oft near their Haunt, on Him who curious strays,  
All throng'd abreast in fix'd Attention gaze;  
Th' intruding Spy suspiciously survey,  
Then butting limp along, and lightly frisk away.

Not so, when raves the Pack's approaching  
Roar,  
Then Loves endear, then Nature smiles no more:

*Bequeath*

I 2

In

In wild Amaze, all tremblingly-dismay'd,  
Burst thro' the Groves, and bound along the  
Glade.

'Till now some destin'd Stag, prepar'd to fly,  
Fires all the Malice of the murd'ring Cry :  
Forc'd from his helpless Mates the fated Prey  
Bears on the Wings of quiv'ring Fear away ?  
In Flight ( ah ! could his matchless Flight avail )  
Scorns the fierce Steed, and leaves the flying Gale.  
Now trembling stops --- and listens from afar  
In long, long deep'ning Howls, the madd'ning  
War ;

While loud-exulting Triumphs thunder round,  
Tremble the Mountains, and the Rocks rebound.  
In vain, yet vig'rous, He renews his Race,  
In vain dark Mazes oft perplex the Chace :  
With Speed inspir'd by Grief He springs again  
Thro' vaulted Woods, and devious Wilds in vain.

Th'

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 69 )

Th' unrav'ling Pack still, onward-pouring, trace  
The various Mazes of his circling Race.  
Breathles at last with long-repeated Toil,  
Sick'ning He stands --- he yields --- He falls the  
    Spoil.

From all the various Blooms of painted Bow'rs,  
Fair, banky Wilds, and Vallies fring'd with  
    Flow'rs,  
Where Nature in Profusion smiles Delight,  
With Pleasure-sated turns the roving Sight.

Come then, bright Vision ! Child of heav'nly  
    Day !

From this fair Summit ampler Scenes survey ;  
One spacious Field in circling Order eye,  
And active round the far Horizon fly ;

Where

Where Dales descend, or ridgy Mountains rise,  
And lose their Aspect in the falling Skies.

What pleasing Scenes the Landskip wide  
displays !

Th' enchanting Prospect bids for ever gaze.

Hail charming Fields of happy Swains the Care !

Hail happy Swains possest of Fields so fair !

In Peace your plenteous Labours long enjoy ;

No murd'ring Wars shall waste, nor foes destroy ;

While Western Gales Earth's teeming Womb  
unbind,

The Seasons change, and bounteous Suns are  
kind.

To social Towns, see ! wealthy Commerce brings  
Rejoicing Affluence on his Silver Wings.

On verdant Hills, see ! Flocks innum'rous feed,  
Or thoughtful listen to the lively Reed.

See !

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 71 )

See ! golden Harvests sweep the bending Plains ;  
“ And Peace and Plenty own a BRUNSWICK  
reigns ”

The wand’ring Eye from Nature’s wild  
Domain,  
Attracted, turns to fairer Scenes again.  
Scenes, which to Thee, refining Art ! belong,  
Invite the Poet, and inspire the Song.

Sweet, philosophic Muse ! that lov’st to stray  
In woody-curtain’d Walks and dim-seen Day,  
Lead me, where lonely Contemplation roves,  
Thro’ silent Shades and solitary Groves.

Stop daring Foot ! the sacred Maid is here !  
These awful Gloom confess the Goddess near.

Low

Low in these Woods her Fav'rite Scene is laid,  
 The Fence umbrageous, and the dark'ning shade ;  
 Whose bow'ry Branches bar the vagrant Eye,  
 Assailing Storms and parching Suns defy.

A gentle Current calmly steals serene,  
 In silv'ry Mazes, o'er the weeping Green,  
 'Till op'ning bright, it's bursting Waters spread,  
 And fall fast-flashing down a wide Cascade.

A spacious Lake below expanded lies,  
 And lends a Mirror to the quiv'ring Skies.

Here pendant Domes, there dancing Forests seem  
 To float and tremble in the waving Gleam.

While gayly-musing o'er it's verdant Side,  
 Pleas'd I behold the glassy Riv'let glide ;  
 Bright in the Verdure of the blooming Year,  
 Where circling Groves their full-blown Honours

wear ;

Ambrosial

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 73 )

Ambrosial Daughter of the spicy Spring,  
While fragrant Woodbine scents each Zephyr's  
Wing ;

While Nectar-footed Morn, approaching, dyes,  
In radiant Blush, the rosy-checker'd Skies ;  
The first fair *Eden* o'er th' enchanted Plain,  
Reviving, smiles, or seems to smile again.

Hail, blissful Scene ! divine *Elysium*, hail !  
Ye flow'ry Blooms eternal Sweets exhale :  
The blest Asylum's here, the sacred Shore,  
Where Toils tumultuous tear the Breast no more.

From wild Ambition free, from dire Despair,  
Appalling Terror, and perplexing Care,  
Happy the Man who in these Shades can find  
That Angel-Bliss, Serenity of Mind ;

K

Walk

Walk the fair Green, or in the Grotto lye,  
With Hope-strung Breast, and Heav'n-erected  
Eye !

While cheated Worlds, by Pleasure's Lure  
betray'd,

Thro' Rocks and Sands pursue the Syren-Maid ;  
And, long-bewilder'd, urge the weary Chace,  
Tho' still the Phantom slips their vain Embrace :  
'Tis his with pitying Eye to see---- to know  
Whence purest Joy's perennial Fountains flow.

With this exalting Charm divinely blest,  
The dear Reflection of a Blameless Breast :  
Where sweet-ey'd Love still smiles serenely Gay,  
And Heav'nly Virtue beams a brighter Ray.

Soft, smoothly-pacing slide his peaceful Days,  
His own his Censure, and his own his Praife :  
Alike to him, both Subjects of the Grave,  
The Scepter'd Monarch, and the menial Slave.

Thrice

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 75 )

Thrice happy He who Life's poor Pains  
has laid

In the lone Tomb of some sequester'd Shade !  
More amply Blest, if gloriously retir'd,  
With Learning charm'd, and with the Muses  
fir'd ;

Who nobly dares with philosophic Eye,  
Thro' full Creation's bounded Orbs to fly ;  
Pleas'd, in their well-form'd Systems, still to find  
The matchless Wisdom of th' immortal Mind.  
Still charm'd in Nature's various Plan to trace  
His boundless Love and all-supporting Grace.

Ye pompous Great ! whose Dream of Glory  
springs  
From sounding Titles, or the Smiles of Kings :

Ye, lawrell'd in the bleeding Wreathes of War !

And ye, whose Hearts are center'd in a Star !

Say, all ye Sons of Power and Splendor, say,

E'er could ye boast one unimbitter'd Day ?

Cease the vain Hope in dazzling Pomp to find

Divine Content, to humbler Lots assign'd ;

The modest Fair frequents the lowly Cell,

Where smiling Peace and conscious Virtue dwell.

While thro' the Maze of winding Bow'r's I

stray,

The Shade's dim Gloom, or Vista's op'ning Day ;

Soft-sighing Groves, where silky Breezes fill,

Kiss the smooth Plain, and glaffy-dimpling Rill ;

In

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 77 )

In silent Vales, by sadly-mourning Streams,  
Where swift-ey'd Fancy wings her waving  
Dreams ;

What sacred Awe the lonely Scenes inspire !  
What Joys transport me, and what Raptures  
fire !

Visions Divine, enchanted I behold,  
And all the Muses all their Charms unfold.

Ye, Woods of *Pindus*, and *Etolian* Plains,  
No more shall listen to immortal Strains :  
Flow unconcern'd, no Muse celestial sings,  
Ye *Thracian* Fountains, and *Aonian* Springs !  
No more your Shades shall leave their Native  
Shore,  
Nor Songs arrest your raptur'd Currents more.

And

And Thou, *Parnassus*, wrapt in deep  
Alcoves,  
Mourn, in sad Silence, thy forsaken Groves :  
No more thy Warblers rival Notes admire,  
Nor choral Zephyrs fill the breathing Lyre.  
Each drooping Lawrel bends it's languid Head ;  
The Strains are vanish'd, and the Muses fled.

To nobler Hills, where fairer Forests grow,  
To Vales, where Streams in sweeter Accents flow ;  
To blooming *Studley*'s more delightful Shades  
Welcome, ye sacred, ye celestial Maids !  
Wake the soft Lute, here strike the sounding  
String,  
Make the Groves echo, and the Vallies ring ;  
Harmonious lead, thro' rosy-smiling Bow'rs,  
The soft-ey'd Graces and the dancing Hours.

In

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 79 )

In awful Scenes retir'd where gloomy Night,  
Still broods, unbanish'd by returning Light ;  
Where Silence, fix'd in Meditation deep,  
Folds in her Arms her fav'rite Offspring Sleep ;  
Musing along the lonely Shades I roam  
'Till beauteous rises a devoted Dome ;  
Thy Fane, seraphic Piety ! low plac'd  
In fable Gloom, by deep'ning Woods embrac'd.  
Nor radiant here the Prince of Day displays  
His Morning Blushes, nor Meridian Blaze :  
Rolls o'er the World the splended Orb unseen,  
'Till his last Glories gild the streaming Green ;  
Then sportive Gleams thro' parting Columns  
play,  
Here waves a Shadow, and there smiles a Ray.

Just

Just Emblem of the Man who, free from strife,  
Th' uneasy Pains that vex the Noon of Life ;  
Not dazzled with the Diamond-beaming Zone,  
Flash of a Lace, or Brilliance of a Stone,  
Courts the last Smiles of Life's declining Ray,  
Where Hope exulting reaps eternal Day.

The sacred Solitude, the lone Recess,  
An awful Pleasure on my Soul impress.  
Raptures Divine thro' all my Bosom glow,  
The Bliss alone immortal Beings know.  
Ah, knew that Sovereign Bliss no base Alloy,  
Wer't Thou, my Farrer ! witness to my Joy :  
What nobler Pleasure could we boast below !  
What Joy sublimer Heav'n itself bestow !

Haste,

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 81 )

Haste, my gay Friend! my dear Associate, haste!  
Life of my Soul, and Partner of my Breast!  
Quick to these Shades, these magic Shades retire :  
Here light thy Graces, and thy Virtue fire :  
Here sheds sweet PIETY her Beams divine,  
And all the Goddess fills her heav'nly Shrine.  
Celestial Maids before her Altar move :  
White-handed INNOCENCE, and weeping Love.

Her prideful Domes let *Richmond* boast alone :  
The sculptur'd Statue and the breathing Stone :  
Alone distinguish'd on the Plains of *Stowe*,  
From *Jones's* Hand the featur'd Marble glow :  
Tho' there unnumber'd Columns front the Skies,  
To fansied Gods forbidden Temples rise,  
Unenvied, *Studley*, be this Pomp of Art,  
'Tis thine the Pow'r to please a virtuous Heart.

L

From

From this lov'd Scene with anxious Steps I  
trace  
Each devious Winding of the banky Maze ;  
To the tall Summit of the Steep repair,  
And view the gay surrounding Prospect there.  
What Joys expand my Breast ! what Rapture  
warms !  
While all the Landskip opens all it's Charms :  
While pleas'd I see, the parting Shades between,  
The Lake fair-gleaming and the smoother Green ;  
Thro' lowly Grotts where wand'ring Shadows  
stray,  
Groves gently wave, and glift'ning Waters play.

On Thee, fair *Hackfall!* Fancy bends her  
Eye,  
Longs o'er the Cliffs and deep'ning Lawns to fly.

Inchanted

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 83 )

Inchanted sees each silv'ry-floating Wave  
Beat thy green Banks, thy lonely Vallies lave:  
And now delighted, now she joys to hear  
Thy deep flow Falls long-lab'ring thro' her Ear.

All-beauteous Nature ! Object of my Song,  
To Thee my first, my latest Strains belong :  
To Thee my Lays I tune, while envious Art  
In rival Charms here courts the raptur'd Heart.  
Like Thee to please, she decks the painted Bow'r,  
Spreads the smooth Lawn, and rears the Velvet  
Flow'r :

With winding Arbours crowns the sylvan Dale,  
And bends the Forest o'er the lowly Vale:  
Bids the loud Cataract deep-thund'ring roar,  
Or winds the Riv'let round a mazy Shore :

Ambitious still, like thee, when she beguiles,  
Wins with thy Grace, and in thy Beauty smiles.

In this gay \* Dome where sportive Fancy  
plays,  
And imag'd Life the pictur'd Roof arrays ;  
Proud in thy Charms the Mimic shines confest,  
Beams the soft Eye, and heaves the panting  
Breast.

From Thee, prime Source ! kind-handed  
Goddes ! flow  
The purest Blessings that we boast below :

Upon an Eminence, East of the Gardens, stands a House of  
*Chinese* Structure.

To

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 85 )

To Thee it's Beauty owes this charming Scene,  
These Groves their Fragrance, and those Plains  
their Green :

For Thee the Muses Wreaths eternal twine,  
Immortal Maid ! for every Muse is thine.

Oh, wou'dst Thou lead me thro' the bound-  
less Sky !

Regions untravell'd by a mortal Eye ;  
Or kindly aid, while studious I explore  
Those arduous Paths thy *Newton* trod before !  
There wond'ring shou'd my ravish't Eye survey  
New Worlds of Being, and new Scenes of Day.  
But if for my weak Wing and trembling sight,  
Too vast the Journey, and too full the Light :

Inglorious

Inglorious here I'll tune the lowly Reed,  
How rolls the Fountain, and how springs the  
Mead.

Or, bear me to the Banks, ye sacred Nine!  
Of beauteous *Iris*, or the Silver *Tine*:  
To *Tine*'s delightful Banks, where, ever gay,  
The generous F ---- lives the peaceful Day:  
F ---- still free from Passion's fretful Train,  
Ne'er felt the Thorn of Anguish nor of Pain:  
His Heart-felt Joys still Nature's Charms  
improve,  
Her Voice is Music, and her Visage Love:  
Pleas'd with the Change each various Season  
brings,  
Imbrowning Autumns, and impurpled Springs:

For

For Him kind Nature all her Treasures yields,  
She decks the Forest, and she paints the Fields.

O say ! where bloom those Time-surviving  
Groves,

Where antient Bards first sung their sacred Loves :  
Those sadly-solemn Bow'rs, ye Muses ! say,  
Where once *the melancholy Cowley lay*?  
When long perplext with Life's deluding Snares,  
Her flatt'ring Pleasures, and her fruitless Cares ;  
Obscure He fled to sylvan Shades alone,  
And left Mankind, *to be for ever known.*

Such were the Scenes where *Spenser* once  
retir'd,  
When Great *Eliza*'s Fame the Muse inspir'd ;

When

When *Gloriana* led her Poet's Dreams  
O'er flowr'y Meadows, and by murmur'ring  
Streams.

Immortal Bards! whose Death-contemning  
Lays  
Shall shine, distinguisht with eternal Praise.  
Knew my poor Muse, like These to soar sublime,  
And spurn the Ruins of insulting Time;  
Where e'er I stray: where blooming *Flora* leads,  
O'er sunny Mountains, and thro' purple Meads;  
Or careless in the sylvan Covert laid,  
Where falling Rills amuse the mournful Shade;  
Ye, rural Fields, should still resound my Lay,  
And Thou, fair *Studley!* smile for ever Gay.

T O

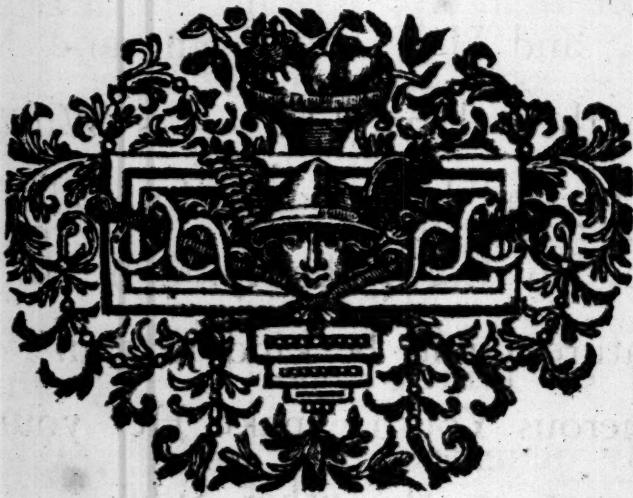
## D.<sup>R</sup> D E A L T R E E.

D E A L T R E E, a Muse that knows  
Thee but by Fame,  
Adores thy Virtues, and wou'd save thy Name.  
Thy Name ! oh, Blindness of Poetic Rage !  
Thy Name shall live beyond her latest Page.  
Yes, while one Ray of Science lights the  
Mind,  
While one Breast glows, and opens for  
Mankind ;  
Who e'er on Time's remotest Verge shall rise,  
Humanely generous, and politely wise ;  
To Him if Heav'n it's choicest Gifts impart,  
The Head sagacious, and the feeling Heart ;

M

To

To judge of Nature by Herself inspir'd,  
With Love of Man, with Love of Virtue fir'd.  
Then shall thy Name by nobler Bards be  
Sung,  
And D E A L T R E E dwell once more on  
every Tongue.



An Epistle

*several OCCASIONS.* (91)

## A N E P I S T L E

*To a Young NOBLE MAN.*

IN spight of all the rusty Fools  
That clean old Nonsense in the Schools,  
The World has Joys, is fair and free,  
For You, and Hal, and Tom, and Me.  
Shall we then starve like ----'s Wife,  
And chew boil'd Cabbages for Life?  
No, You, my Lord, the Thought disdain,  
That Nature could be kind in vain:  
But, generous Youth, make Her your Guide,  
And err not on the other Side.  
Like Her in all you deign to do,  
Be liberal, but be sparing too.

M 2

When

When old TERUNCIO, Night by Night,  
 With his dear Bags regales his Sight ;  
 And Conscience, Reason, Pity sleep,  
 Tho' Virtue pine, tho' Merit weep ;  
 I see the keen Reproaches fly,  
 Indignant, from your honest Eye ;  
 Each bounteous Wish glows unconfin'd,  
 And your Breast labours to be kind.

But hold ! my noble Friend, beware  
 The servile Flatterer's specious Snare,  
 The fawning Sycophant, whose Art  
 Marks the warm Motions of the Heart,  
 Each idle, each insidious Knave,  
 That acts the graceful, wise, or brave.

With

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 93 )

With festive Beard, and social Eye,  
You've seen old HOSPITALITY ;  
Mounted astride the moss-grown Wall,  
The Genius of the ancient Hall.  
So reverend, in such courtly State,  
He kept your good Forefather's Gate.  
No lying Porter levy'd there  
His dues on all imported Ware ;  
There, rang'd in Rows, no liveried Train  
E'er beg'd their Master's Beef again ;  
No Flatterer's planetary Face  
Ply'd for a Bottle, or a Place.  
Toad-eating FRANCE, and fiddling ROME  
Kept their lean Rascals starv'd at Home.

“ Thrice happy Days ! ” in this, 'tis true,  
Old Times were better than the new ;

Few

Few foreign Knaves, perhaps, my Lord !  
 Eat Toads at your 'great Grandfire's Board,  
 Yet some egregious Faults you'll see  
 In ancient HOSPITALITY.  
 Beneath his Roof a motley Train—  
 Revel in Comus' roaring Reign ;  
 Priests, Knights, and 'Squires in high Debate  
 On Giants, Foxes, Church and State ;  
 When the strange Compliment commences,  
 To praise their Host, and lose their Senfes.

Go then, my Lord ! keep open Hall ;  
 Proclaim your Table free for all.  
 Go, sacrifice your Time, your Wealth,  
 Your Patience, Liberty and Health,  
 To every 'Squire, and Cushion - Thumper,  
 That draws a Pipe, or swills a Bumper.

“ Heav’ns !

*several OCCASIONS.* (95)

“ Heav’ns ! and are these the Plagues that  
wait

“ Around the Hospitable Gate----

“ Let threefold Iron bolt my Door;

“ And the gaunt Mastiff growl before :

“ There, not one human Creature nigh,

“ Save, dear TERUNCIO, you and I,

“ In cynic Silence let us dwell ;

“ Ye Plagues of social Life farewell.

Displeases this ? the modern Way  
Perhaps may please ---- a public Day.

“ A public Day ! detested Name !

“ The Farce of Friendship, and the Shame.

“ Did ever social Freedom come ”

“ Within the Pale of Drawing Room ?

“ See

“ See pictur'd round a motley Crowd !  
“ How nice, how just each Attitude !  
“ My Lord approaches--- what Surprize !  
“ The Pictures speak ! the Pictures rise !  
“ Thrice ten Times told the same Salute,  
“ My Lord sits down ; the Forms are mute.  
“ Mean while, the mimic Rows between,  
“ Distrust and Scandal walk unseen ;  
“ Their Poisons silently infuse,  
“ Till these suspect, and those abuse.

“ Far, Far from these, in some lone Shade,  
“ Let me, in easy Silence laid,  
“ Where never Fools, or Slaves intrude,  
“ Enjoy the sweets of Solitude.

What !

*several OCCASIONS.* (97)

What ! quit the Commerce of Mankind !  
Leave Virtue, Fame, and Worth behind !  
Who fly to solitary Rest,  
Are Reason's Savages at best.

Tho' human Life's extensive Field  
Wild Weeds, and vexing Brambles yield ;  
Behold her smiling Vallies bear  
Mellifluous Fruits, and Flow'rets fair.  
The Crowds of Folly you despise ----  
Associate with the Good and Wise.  
For Virtue, rightly understood,  
Is to be *Wise* and to be *Good*.

To M I S S. -----

*In return for a Set of Reading-  
Ribbands.*

THE pleasing Gift that ANNA made,  
 With gentle Hand, for Mem'ry's Aid,  
 The Mother of the Muses took,  
 And, smiling, plac'd it in Her Book.

“ My Daughters now, said She, prepare  
 “ Some meet Reward for ANNA fair ;  
 “ Some grateful Present quickly find  
 “ For ANNA fair, for ANNA kind,  
 “ POLYMNIA, what can You afford ? ----  
 “ Mamma, I'll tune her Harpsichord :

For

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 99 )

“ For Her these fav’rite Airs I’ll pack,  
“ And send Them on a Zephyr’s Back.

“ No : let the pleasing Task be mine ;  
Said C L I O , Queen of Verse divine.

“ From Me the Fair shall learn the lofty Strain,  
“ Of Gods imbattled, and of Heroes slain.  
“ Recount the mighty Toils of War or Love,  
“ And launch the Bolts of C U P I D , or of J O V E .

U R A N I A rose, with Aspect mild ;  
She spoke ; attentive Science smil’d.

“ By me be A N N A taught the Store  
“ Of Nature’s philosophic Lore :  
“ Creation’s various Works to scan,  
“ And trace her systematic Plan.

N 2

What

“ What gives the refluent Ocean Law,  
“ And whence their Stores the Fountains  
draw :  
“ Why Planets still one Orbit hold,  
“ And start not from their Spheres of Gold.

Melpomene, the Muse of Woe,  
Sighing, spoke in Accents flow.

“ Can Music’s sweet assuasive Charm,  
“ Can Song preserve the tuneful Breath ?  
“ Can fair Philosophy disarm,  
“ Or sooth inexorable Death ?  
“ Genius, and Wit, and Beauty wait  
“ The Mansions of the silent Urn :  
“ One tender Tear shall sooth her Fate ;  
“ One tender Line for A N N A mourn.

Arch

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 101 )

Arch EUTERPE, smart and sly,

All this while was listening by.

“ These pious Girls, to please their Mother,  
Have made, said She, a mighty Pother.

“ And now, for good King PHÆBUS’ sake,

“ What Offering shall UTERPE make ?

“ POLYMNIA, lavish of her Favours,

“ Wou’d send a Zephyr-Load of Quavers.

“ Sweet Sister CLIO, still more stupid,

“ Would tell some Tale of Captain CUPID.

“ And thus They’d recompence the Fair ---

“ With what? --- a Fiddle and a Bear.

“ URANIA, more polite than CLY,

“ Wou’d introduce her to the Sky :

“ But there are, whom I need not name,

“ Some Persons of indifferent Fame ;

And

“ And no disreputable Planet  
“ Is proper Company for NANETTE.  
“ The Sister of the tearful Eye,  
“ It seems, wou’d write her Elegy.  
“ ’Tis kind ; but, by my Pipe and Tabor,  
“ I’ll save her Ladyship the Labour.  
“ For, from this Moment, A N N A’s Name  
“ I consecrate to deathless Fame.

She spoke : the smiling Chorus rose :  
Resounding Echos waft Applause :  
“ Io Pœan ! dear to Fame,  
“ Ever dear be A N N A’s Name.

To

*several OCCASIONS.* ) 103 )

*To the same,*

*with DUNCOMBE's Feminead.*

A P O L L O fairly tir'd one Day,  
With making Verse, and making Hay,  
( His Head reclin'd on THETIS' Breast )  
Repos'd the World's great Eye in Rest;  
When, with ill-tim'd Ambition fir'd,  
Came DUNCOMBE's Muse to be inspir'd.  
  
Now, if the Books of Heaven be right,  
'Squire HERMES kept the Doors that Night.  
The God that loves a little Fun,  
Conundrum quaint, or two-fac'd Pun,  
Thus whisper'd in his Master's Ear ;  
“ An't please your Grace, a *Dun* comes here :

I'm

( 104 )      P   O   E   M   S      on

“ I’m sorry, Sir, but, ‘faith, ‘tis vain :

“ The Rogue will certainly distract.

“ Poor Mrs. THE will lose her Parrot,

“ And you, my Lord! your Steeds and Chariot.

“ Alas the Day! for want of Light,

“ Poor Folks below are ruin’d quite.

“ While KEIL and GARGRAVE vainly hope

“ To catch your Face in Telescope.

“ Your Pardon, Sir! but I must tell ye,

“ You’d better creep to some Whale’s Belly.

“ Here’s many a one in these same Seas

“ Wou’d take your Worship, when you please.

The God, who now no longer slept,

Thus spoke, inrag’d ; poor THETIS wept.

“ That Bully, MARS, more rude than wise,

“ The very Scandal of the Skies,

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 105 )

Is now come here to swear and hector,  
Because He won five Bowls of Nectar.  
Picquette, my Dear --- nay never frown ---  
You know the whole is but a Crown.  
By one poor Terce He chanc'd to win :  
You, Porter, let the Rascal in.

Sir DUNCOMBE kneel'd and told his Suit :  
Loud HERMES laugh'd --- the God was mute.  
But, willing to improve the Jeſt, }  
Dan CUPID like Himself He dreſt, }  
And lodg'd Him in the Poet's Breast. }

'Twas thus the God of Love inspir'd  
What DUNCOMBE wrote, and You admir'd.  
The Bard, at his all-mighty Call,  
To please one Woman, prais'd Them all.

O

T H E

## T H E

## V A P O U R ' D I N D I A N .

**A** Patriot Indian, fam'd of old ;  
 By some strange Boding was foretold,  
 That, shou'd He let his Urine go,  
 The Plains of BISNAGAR wou'd flow.  
 What ! drown my Country ! cries the Sage ;  
 May Heav'n avert such impious Rage !  
 Once, shou'd I let this Engine play,  
 Swains, Flocks, and Folds were swept away,  
 The Tow'rs of BISNAGAR wou'd fall,  
 And one wide Ruin swallow all.  
 No Doctors, let me burst, He cries----  
 Then sigh'd, and closer squeez'd his Thighs.

A long

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 107 )

A long-wig'd Wight, who smok'd th' Affair,  
Some honest GARTH of BISNAGAR,  
By Night, half-naked, out of Breath,  
Flew to his Chamber, pale as Death.  
“ Thou Patriot Spirit ! truly brave !  
“ Now, now, thy falling Country fave.  
“ Wide-wasting Flames, impetuous, roll,  
“ And spread their Rage from Pole to Pole.  
“ Behold 'em there --- now, now let fly,  
“ And Play thy Fountain thro' the Sky.  
“ O great TONKAN ! my Country's Father,  
“ Reply'd the Man who strain'd his Bladder,  
Turn'd up to Heav'n his Eyes devout ;  
Then p----, and put the Candle out.  
Now who, good Reader, knows but you  
May be a vapour'd Indian too ?

Some Sage, that weigh the Brittle Lots  
Of Kingdoms, and of Coffee-Pots.

Who, while You state the mighty Matter,  
Scratch your wise Pate, and hold your Water.

Some Bard, perhaps, in lonely Garret,  
Whose whole Day's Mess is half a Carrot.

Who still tag on th' eternal Chime,  
As if to live were but to rhyme;  
And swell the Bladder of your Brain;  
Like the poor Indian, *plagu'd in vain.*

T H E

*several OCCASIONS. ( 109 )*

**A N T I Q U A R Y.**

**H**O, all ye Antiquaries! learn  
A curious Tale of THOMAS HEARN.  
In OXFORD, Town of classic Knowledge,  
Is many a Hall, and many a College.  
Besides those lesser Domes, that wait,  
As Servitors, upon the Great:  
Where Science oft an Evening passes,  
And smokes her Pipe, and drinks her Glasses.  
Of these not least renown'd is ‡ that,  
Where WHITTINGTON still strokes his Cat

‡ A Pot-House: the Sign of WHITTINGTON  
and his Cat.

**A Symbol**

A Symbol rare to rouse the Wish up ;

A black-Shoe-Boy may be a Bishop.

To this same Hall, respected Name,

Sage THOMAS HEARN one Evening came :

Sage THOMAS was no modern Sot ;

He smok'd one Pipe, and drank one Pot.

When, lo ! a Wight of just discerning,

Averse to part with so much Learning,

Profoundly sigh'd ; and, HEARN, He said,

This sacred Floor, on which we tread ;

This Floor, profan'd by modern Potters,

And call'd a Pavement of Sheep's Trotters,

Is, oh, th' abuse of Things ill-fated !

A roman Pavement tessellated.

" Ha ! what, quoth THOMAS, let me see :

And down He fell with Extasy.

First

*several OCCASIONS.* (III.)

Fixt to the Ground in Transport lay,  
And kiss'd some half an Hour away.  
Behold Him, Reader, as He lies ;  
Immortal ROME before his Eyes !  
Coins, Busts He views --- a glorious Train ---  
And thinks his writings o'er again.  
Of these not least was STUNSFIELD rated ;  
STUNSFIELD to BACCHUS dedicated.  
To BACCHUS ? 'faith ! a lucky Thought :  
" Bring THOMAS HEARN another Pot.

The Rites went round ; when, lo ! the Sage  
Seiz'd by the God's imperious Rage,  
Or drawn by some attractive Power,  
Sunk on the tessellated Floor.

DAN

DAN PHÆBUS then who always good is  
To Man that writes, or Man that studies,  
Saw THOMAS thus disabled laid,  
And sent two Printers to his Aid.  
Who, spite of BACCHUS, free from Harm,  
Led off our Hero, Arm by Arm.



*Epigram.*

*several OCCASIONS.* (113)

*E P I G R A M*

**M**Y CHLOE's as fickle, and light as  
a Feather,

Yet I love her to Death; prithee, Dick, shou'd  
I wed Her?

That a Feather shou'd tease you, quoth Dick,  
is not strange;

T'other Day, as I happen'd to pass thro' the  
Grange,

I saw Master Cupid from Doves and from  
Sparrows,

A-pilfering Feathers to stick in his Arrows.

The Urchin thus shoots You, then plucks out  
his Dart,

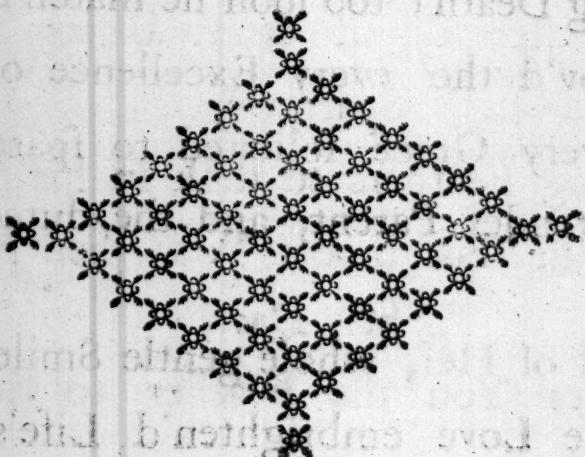
And leaves You the Feather to tickle your  
Heart.

*On a Lady coquetting at Church.*

**Y**E S, CÆLIA, you're divinely fair,  
May laugh ~~at~~ <sup>disdain</sup> Sermon, Praise ~~and~~

Prayer :

But, CÆLIA, is no Reverence due  
To Him, whose Skill created You?



*several OCCASIONS. ( 115 )*

*An EPITAPH on William  
Spencer Esq. and his Lady.*

**I**N T E R R'D beneath this Monumental  
Stone,

Fast by the gentle Partner of his Breast,  
No more unhappy, as no more alone,  
In sacred Silence, SPENCER's Ashes rest.

Unfeeling Death! too soon he snatch'd the Fair;  
Unmov'd tho' every Excellence of Life,  
Tho' every Grace solicited to spare  
The tender Parent, and the dutious Wife.

Depriv'd of Her, whose gentle Smiles endear'd,  
Whose Love embrighten'd Life's declining  
Ray,

P 2

Sweet

Sweet Hope no more the mourning Husband  
chear'd,

'Till sunk in Death the slow-departing Day.

In Friendship generous, in Devotion warm,  
Exhorting others to the Paths He trod,  
He taught each Virtue in Himself to charm,  
And sav'd his Brother, while He serv'd his  
God.

Lamented Pair ! within this hallow'd Shrine,  
Near as your Loves, your mingled Dust  
shall lie :

'Till rous'd together by the Voice Divine ;  
The same on Earth, united in the Sky.

*Cæsar's*

*CÆSAR'S DREAM.*

WHEN rough *Helvetia's* hardy Sons  
obey,  
And vanquish'd *Belgia* bows to *Cæsar's* Sway;  
When, scarce-beheld, embattled Nations fall,  
The fierce *Sicambrian*, and the faithless *Gaul*;  
Tir'd Freedom leads her Savage Sons no more,  
But flies, subdued, to *Albion's* utmost Shore.

'Twas then while Silence still'd the sleeping Air,  
And dewy Slumbers seal'd the Eye of Care;  
Divine *Ambition* to her Vot'ry came,  
Her left Hand waving bore the Trump of Fame;

*Hand*

*Her*

Her right a regal Sceptre seem'd to hold,  
With Gems far-blazing from the burnish'd  
Gold.

And thus, "My Son" the Queen of Glory said;

" Immortal *Cæsar* ! lift thy languid Head.

" Shall Night's dull Chains the Man of Counsels  
bind ?

" Or *Morpheus* rule the Monarch of Mankind ?

" See Worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy Sword !

" Barbaric Lands ! that scorn a *Latian* Lord.

" See yon proud Isle, whose Mountains meet  
the Sky,

" Unpunish'd aid thy Foes, thy Pow'r defy !

" What, tho' by Nature's firmest Bars secur'd,

" By Seas incircled, and with Rocks immur'd ;

" Shall

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 119 )

" Shall *Cæsar* shrink the greatest Toils to brave;  
" Rive the rude Rock, or beat the maddening  
Wave ? "

She spoke---- her Words the Warrior's Breast  
inflame

With Rage indignant, and with conscious Shame.  
Already beat, the swelling Floods give way,  
And the fell Genii of the Rocks obey.  
Already Shouts of Triumph rend the Skies,  
And the thin Rear of barb'rous Nations flies.

Now, fair-advancing, shone with modest Ray  
The Star that opes the Eye-lids of the Day.

Quick

Quick round their Chief his active Legions stand,  
Dwell on his Eye, and wait the waving Hand.  
The Hero rose, majestically slow,  
And look'd Attention to the Crowds below.

“ ROMANS and Friends! is there who seeks  
for rest,  
“ By Labours vanquish'd, and with Wounds  
opprest :  
“ That Respite CÆSAR shall with pleasure  
yield,  
“ Due to the Toils of many a well-fought Field.  
“ Is there who shrinks at Thought of Dangers  
past,  
“ The ragged Mountain, or the pathless Waste,  
While

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 121 )

“ While Savage Hosts, or savage Floods oppose,

“ Or shivering Fancy pines in ALPINE Snows ?

“ Let Him retire to LATIUM’s peaceful

Shore.

“ He once has toil’d, and CÆSAR asks no  
more.

“ Is there a ROMAN, whose unshaken Breast

“ No Pains have conquer’d, and no Fears  
deprest ?

“ Who, doom’d thro’ Death’s dread Ministers  
to go,

“ Dares to chastise the Insults of a Foe,

“ Let Him, his Country’s Glory and her stay,

“ With Reverence hear Her, and with Pride  
obey.

Q

“ A Form

“ A Form divine, in heav’ly Splendors bright,  
“ Whose Look threw Radiance round the Pall  
of Night,

“ With calm Severity approach’d, and said ;  
“““ Wake thy dull Ear, and lift thy languid  
Head.

“““ What! shall a ROME sink in soft Repose,  
“““ And calmly see the BRITONS aid his Foes ?  
“““ See Them secure the Rebel - GAUL supply,  
“““ Spurn his vain Eagles, and his Power defy.  
“““ Go burst their Barriers, obstinately brave,  
“““ Scale the rude Rock, and beat the madden-  
ing Wave.

Here paus’d the Chief, but waited no Reply,  
The Voice assenting spoke from ev’ry Eye.

By

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 123 )

By no *sage Council* chill'd to cold Delay,  
They hear with Ardor, and with Pride obey :  
Nor, as the Kindness that reproach'd with  
    Fear,  
Were Dangers dreadful, or were Toils severe.



*Written*

Q<sup>2</sup>

*Written after being wak'd at Midnight  
by the Ringing of the Parish-Bells.*

**P**EACE then ye loud-tongu'd Nuncios  
of the Grave !

Whose brazen Breasts, cold as the Hand of  
Death,

Can feel no Sympathy, save from the Touch  
Of surly Sexton--- why, at this dead Hour,  
Drive ye soft Slumbers from your Master's Eyes?  
Peace with that Iron-Peal that rends mine Ear,  
Tumultuously sonorous--- what! ring round  
To the rude Roar of rustic Revelry-----!  
While I in vain am courting close-ey'd Sleep  
To spread his dark Veil o'er my pensive Heart,  
To chain each Passion, and, with magic Power,  
Let loose Oblivion on the Dogs of Care.

I know

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 125 )

I know your Triumph---- conscious that ere  
long,

Thro' these still Shades, your heavy sounding  
Knell

Shall send the Tidings of MENALCAS' Death.

Yet not in vain, if, chance, at Evening-Hour,  
Some Villager, returning from his Toil,  
Lean on his Spade, and think one moral  
Thought.

If, 'chance, AURELIA shed one tender Tear,  
Or breathe one kind Wish---- not so much  
in vain.

But, ah, shou'd She---- which yet may Heav'n  
avert ----

Shou'd She, the Victim of unfeeling Fate,  
First fall--- be dumb---- one Sound wou'd  
rend my Heart.

*Dialogue*

*Dialogue between Richard and Henry,  
Two Shepherds in Swaledale, on the  
Death of his Late Majesty.*

RICHARD came knitting o'er the Green,

With pensive Step, and thoughtful Mien :

'Twas Noon ; and Neighbour HAL He spied,  
A-dozing on the Dunghill Side.

HAL saw a Wonder in his Face ----

" Prithee, Friend Richard, speak thy Case.

" HAL, prick thy Ears ; here's News anon ;

" The King, the King is dead and gone.

" The King ! quoth HAL ---- that's News  
apace ----

" And, prithee, who shall have his Place ?

" Nay,

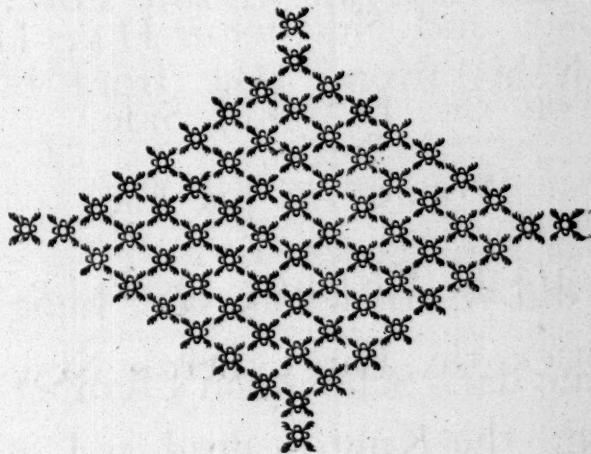
*several OCCASIONS.* ( 127 )

“ Our Dale, said Dick, has got but two  
for’t ;

“ Either *Sir George*, or else the *Stewart*.

“ Pray God, that neither raise raise my Rent !

“ RICHARD, quoth HAL, and I’m content.



*C O W L E Y*

## C O W L E Y mouje-eaten:

*In his own Style.*

**N**O W, Curses on Ye all, Ye nibbling  
Train,

Whom neither Fame, nor Wit cou'd move ;  
Nor, that best Marksman, Love,  
Drive with his strong Bow from his fav'rite  
Swain.

Ah ! why did ye not wreak your hungry Rage  
On some dark Schoolman's lumber Head,  
Or Commentator dead ?

Methinks, They might have spar'd You many  
a. Page.

But

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 129 )

But ye, no doubt, had in some Court been bred,  
Like that Cit-Mouse, as HORACE sings,  
That liv'd on better Things,  
Than oaten Ears, or Scraps of mouldy Bread.

Be what Ye may---- but shou'd Ye dare to  
gnaw  
My Cowley's Leaves, You'll find, I trow,  
Some harder Cheeſe to chew,  
Within a Trap of Wire, or grey Grimalkin's  
Paw.

O D E

R

## O   D   E

*Sur La MEDIOCRITE.*

P   A   R

M.   G   R   E   S   S   E   T.

SOUVERAINE de mes pensées,

Tes loix sont-elles effacées ?

Toi qui seule regnois sur les premiers mortels,

Dans cette race misérable,

Sur cette terre déplorable,

Heureuse Liberte', n'as-tu donc plus d'Autels ?

Do

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 131 )

O D E

## On MEDIOCRITY

*From the French of*

MR. G R E S S E T.

QUEEN of my Heart ! whose happy  
Reign

The early Sons of Nature lov'd ;  
Shalt Thou, dear Liberty, complain,  
Thy sacred Laws no more approv'd ?  
In this dark Age, these wretched Days,  
No more thy social Altars blaze ?

De mille erreurs vils tributaries,  
 Les cœurs, esclaves volontaires,  
 Immolent ta douceur à l'espoir des faux biens ;  
 Là je vois des chaines dorées,  
 Là d'indignes, là de sacrées,  
 Par-tout je vois des fers & des tristes liens.

N'est-il plus un cœur vraiment libre  
 Qui, gardant un juste équilibre,  
 Vive, maître de soi, sans asservir ses jours ?  
 S'il en est, montre moi ce Sage,  
 Lui seul obtiendra mon hommage,  
 Et mon cœur sous sa loi se range pour toujours ?

Tu m'exances, Nymphe ingénue :  
 Dans une contrée inconnue,  
 Sur des ailes de feu je me sens enlevé ;  
 Quel

*several occasions.* (133)

Thro' Error's endless Maze we stray,  
Slaves, willing Slaves, thy Sweets forego ;  
And cast thy native Joys away,  
For specious Hopes, and spendid Woe.

In vain We gild the servile Pain,  
And cloath with Gold an Iron Chain.

Lives there a Sage whose peaceful Mind  
Has still one equal Tenor known ;  
Lord of Himself, that, unconfin'd,  
Can call the passing Hour his own ?  
To Him, to Him I'll Homage pay ;  
His sacred Laws my Heart shall sway.

She comes, She comes ----- ingenuous Fair !  
Aloft on Wings of Fire I soar ;  
Hail peaceful Realms of purer Air !

Quel Ciel pur ! quel paible empire !  
 Chante toi-même, prens ma lyre  
 Et décris ce séjours par tes soins cultivé.

Aux bords d'une mer furieuse,  
 Où la fortune impéricuse  
 Porte & brise à son grè de superbes vaisseaux,  
 Il est un port sûr & tranquile  
 Qui maintient dans un doux asile  
 Des barques à l'abri du caprice des eaux.

Sur ces solitaires rivages  
 D'où l'œil, spectateur des naufrages,  
 S'applaudit en secret de sa securite,  
 Dans un temple simple & rustique,  
 De la nature ouvrage antique,  
 Ce climat voit régner la M E D I O C R I T E.

Là,

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 135 )

Hail Regions unperceiv'd before !  
O Goddess, wake the vocal Lay ;  
The Scenes, thy Hand has form'd, display.

Embosom'd in the friendly Shore,  
Beneath whose Banks the wild Sea raves,  
While Fortune thro' the madd'ning Roar,  
Drives the proud Vessels of her Slaves,  
Here the safe Bark a Refuge finds,  
No more the Sport of Waves, and Winds.

On the tall Beach's lonely Side,  
Whence, as the wand'ring Eye surveys  
The torn Wreck on the distant Tide,  
We feel our Safety while We gaze ;  
Behold a rustic Temple stand !  
The Work of Nature's antient Hand.

Here,

Lá, conduite par la Sagesse,  
 Tu te fixas, humble Déesse,  
 Loin des Palais bruyans du fastueux PLUTUS:  
 Là sous tes loix & sous ton culte,  
 Tu rassemblas, loin du tumulte,  
 Le vrai, les plaisirs purs, les sincères Virtus.

Seduits par d'aveugles idoles  
 Du bonheur; fantomes frivoles,  
 Le vulgaire & les Grands ne te suivirent pas:  
 Tu n'eus pour sujets que ses sages  
 Qui doivent l'estime des âges  
 A la sagesse, acquise en marchant sur tes pas.

Tu vis naître dans tes retraites  
 Ces nobles & tendres Poëtes,  
 Dont la voix n'eut jamais forme de sons brillans,

Si

*several OCCASIONS.* (137)

Here, by immortal Wisdom led,  
Dwells MEDIOCRITY serene;  
Where never PLUTUS dar'd to tread,  
Or revel in the peaceful Scene.

Here flourish by her forming Care,  
The Pleasures pure, the Virtues fair.

O Goddess! Thee the thoughtless Crowd,  
Seduc'd by each false Idol, flies;  
The vain, the Empty, and the Proud----  
Thy only Subjects are the Wise.

These seek thy Paths with nobler Aim,  
By Wisdom lead to deathless Fame.

To thy Retreat, fair Nymph! We owe  
Each tender Bard of Verse divine,  
Whom Fortune never taught to bow,

S

A Suppliant

Si le fracas de la fortune,  
 Ou si l'indigence importune  
 Eût troublé leur silence, ou caché leurs talens.

Mais en vain tu fuyois la gloire :  
 La renommée & la victoire  
 Vinrent dans tes déserts se choisir des Héros,  
 Mieux formés par tes loix stoïques,  
 Aux vertus, aux faits héroïques.  
 Que parmi la molesse, & l'orgueil des faiseaux.

Pour Mars tu formois loin des villes  
 Les FABRICES & les CAMILLES,  
 Et ses sages Vainqueurs, Philosophes Guerriers  
 Qui, du char de la dictature,  
 Descendant á l'agriculture,  
 Sur tes secrets autels rapportoient leurs lauriers,

Trop

*several OCCASIONS.* (139)

A Suppliant at her painted Shrine ;  
Nor freezing Penury confin'd,  
Whose cold Hand chills the genial Mind.

In vain Thou flights't the flow'ry Crown  
That Fame wreathes round thy favour'd Head,  
Whilst laurel'd Victory and Renown  
Seek their lov'd Heroes in thy Shade ;  
There form'd, from courtly Softness free,  
By rigid Virtue and by Thee.

By Thee were form'd, from Cities far,  
FABRICIUS just, CAMILLUS wise,  
Those philosophic Sons of War,  
That, from Imperial Dignities  
Returning, plough'd their native Plain,  
And plac'd their Laurels in thy Fane.

Trop heureux, Déite paisible,  
 Le mortel sagement sensible  
 Qui jamais loin de toi n'a porté ses desirs,  
 Par sa douce mélancholie,  
 Sauvè de l'humaine folie,  
 Dans la vérité seule il cherche ses plaisirs.

Ignoré de la multitude,  
 Libre de toute servitude,  
 Il n'envia jamais les grands biens, les grands  
 noms,  
 Il n'ignore point que la foudre  
 A plus souvent réduit en poudre  
 Le pin des monts altiers, que l'ormeau des  
 valons.

*several OCCASIONS.* (( 141 ))

Thrice happy He thro' whose calm Breast  
The Smiles of peaceful Wisdom play ;  
With all thy sober Charms possest,  
Whose Wishes never learn'd to stray.

Wrapt in the Joys of Truth alone,  
Who laughs at Follies not his own.

Far from the Crowd's low-thoughted Strife,  
From all that bounds fair Freedom's Aim ;  
He envies not the Pomp of Life,  
A Length of Rent-Roll, or of Name.  
Thus safe He views the Vale-grown Elm,  
While Thunder-founding storms the Mountain-  
Pine o'erwhelm.

To

Sourd aux censures populaires,  
 Il ne craint point les yeux vulgaires,  
 Son œil perce au-delà de leur foible horizon :  
 Quelques bruits que la foule en sème,  
 Il est satisfait de lui-même,  
 S'il a scû mériter l'aveu de la raison.

Il rit du fort, quand les conquêtes  
 Promenent de têtes en têtes  
 Les Couronnes du Nord, ou celles du midi :  
 Rien n'altère sa paix profonde,  
 Et les derniers instans du Monde  
 N'épouvanteroient point son cœur encor hardi.

Amitié, charmante immortelle,  
 Tu choisis à ce cœur fidèle  
 Peu d'amis, mais constans, vertueux comme lui ;  
Tu

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 143 )

To Him black Censure brings no Dread ;  
No Frown He fears from vulgar Eyes,  
Whose Thought by nobler Prospects led,  
Far, far o'er their Horizon flies :  
With Reason's Suffrage at his Side,  
Whose firm Heart rests self-satisfied.

And while alternate Conquest sways  
The northern or the southern Shore,  
He smiles at Fortune's giddy Maze,  
And calmly hears the rude Storms roar :  
Nay shou'd They Nature's Vitals tear,  
Her parting Groan He'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful Hearts you love,  
~~such as~~ O Friendship fair ! immortal Maid !  
The few Caprice cou'd never move ;

The

Tu ne crains point que le caprice,  
 Que l'intérêt les défunisse,  
 Ou verse sur leurs jours les poisons de l'ennui.

Ami des frugales demeures,  
 Sommeil pendant les sombres heures,  
 Tu repans sur ses yeux tes songes favoris ;  
 Ecartant ces songes funébres  
 Qui, parmi l'effroi des ténèbres,  
 Vont reveiller les Grands sous les riches lambris.

C'est pour ce bonheur légitime  
 Que le modeste ABDOLONYME  
 N'acceptoit qu'à regret le sceptre de SIDON :  
 Plus libre dans un fort champêtre,  
 Et plus heureux qu'il ne scût l'être  
 Sur le Thrône éclatant des Ayeux de DIDON.

C'est

*several OCCASIONS.* (145)

The few whom Interest never sway'd,  
Nor shed, unseen, with Hate refin'd,  
Envy's fell Poisons o'er the Mind.

Soft Sleep that lov'st the peaceful Cell !

On these descends thy balmy Power,  
While no terrific Dreams dispel  
The Slumbers of the sober Hour ;  
Which oft array'd in Darkness drear,  
Wake the wild Eye of Pride to Fear.

In Joys like these----all Life can yield----

Once SIDON's Monarch liv'd unknown ;  
And sigh'd to leave his little Field,  
For the long Splendors of a Throne.  
There once more happy, and more free,  
Than rank'd with DIDO's Ancestry.

T

With

C'est par ces vertus pacifiques  
 Par ces plaisirs philosophiques  
 Que tu scais, cher R\*\*\*, remplir d'utiles  
 jours,  
 Dans ce TIVOLI solitaire,  
 Où le CHER de son eude claire  
 Vient à l'aimable LOIRE associer le cours.

Fidèle à ce sage système,  
 Là, dans l'étude de toi-même,  
 Chaque soleil te voit occuper tes loisirs ;  
 Dans le brillant fracas du monde,  
 Ton nom, ta probité profonde  
 T'eût donné plus d'éclat, mais moins de vrais  
 plaisirs.

*several OCCASIONS.* (147)

With these pacific Virtues blest,  
These Charms of Philosophic Ease,  
Wrapt in your sweet TRIVOLIS Rest,  
You pass, dear R----, your useful Days.

Where CHER your silent Vallies laves,  
And pays the LOIR her tributary Waves.

Shou'd Life's more publick Scenes engage  
Your Time that thus consistent flows,  
And, following still these Maxims sage,  
For ever brings the same Repose,  
Your Worth may greater Fame procure ;  
But hope not Happiness so pure.

*The*

T 2

## The Wisdom of SOLOMON.

## Chap. XVIII.

Verse, 2. *For when unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy Nation ; they being shut up in their Houses, the Prisoners of Darkness, and fettered with bonds of a long Night, lay [ there ] exiled from the eternal Providence.*

3. *For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret Sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of Forgetfulness, being horribly astonished, and troubled with [ strange ] apparitions.*

4. *For*

*several OCCASIONS.* (149)

*Description of the Egyptian Darkness*

*from the Book of WISDOM.*

O N C E more th' Oppressor o'er the  
Sons of Heaven  
Lifts the stern Eye-brow, and the scourging Arm.  
When, lo! Amazement! the black Veil of Night  
Fell instant o'er the World, and one dread Gloom  
Imprison'd Nature. Ah! where then the Hope  
To hide the conscious Crime! Guilt funk  
appall'd,  
By the blue Torch of griesly Horror led,  
When the pale Spectre and the vengeful Fiend  
Thro' tenfold Darkness frown'd ---- In vain  
they sought

The

4. For neither might the corner that held them, keep them from Fear: but noises [as of waters] falling down, sounded about them, and sad visions appeared unto them with heavy countenances.

5. No power of the Fire might give them light: neither could the bright flames of the Stars endure to lighten that horrible night.

6. Only there appeared unto them a fire kindled of itself, very dreadful: for being much terrified, they thought the things which they saw, to be worse than the Sight they saw not.

7. As for the illusions of art magic, they were put down, and their vaunting in wisdom was reproved with disgrace.

8. For

*several OCCASIONS.* ((151))

The well-known Corner, or secure Retreat,  
By conscious Fear pursued ---- Now the long  
Noise

Of sounding Cataracts shook the Ear; and now  
At the dire vision starts the trembling Eye.  
No Light emitted from the kindled Flame  
Pierc'd the thick-woven Gloom; the golden Stars,  
As frightened at the strange opaque, retir'd,  
Nor shed one twinkling Ray. Yet Fancy saw,  
Or thought She saw, thro' Fear's illusive Eye  
Strange Fires of unknown Blaze, glow terrible,  
Self-kindled where the Mock-Magician now  
Boastful to charm the troubled Brain, and lay  
The Spectres of the Mind ---- sick, sick he lies,

Ridiculous →

8. For they that promised to drive away terrors, and troubles from a sick Soul, were sick themselves of fear worthy to be laughed at.

9. For tho' no terrible thing did fear them: yet being scared with Beasts that passed by, and hissing of Serpents,

10. They died for fear, denying that they saw the Air, which could of no Side be avoided.

11. For wickedness condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things,

12. For fear is nothing else, but a betraying of the succours which Reason offereth.

13. And the expectation from within being less, counteth the ignorance more than the cause which bringeth the torment.

14. But

*several OCCASION S.* ( 153 )

Ridiculous ---- And, tho' no Danger near,  
Shrinks at the Sound of passing Savages,  
Or hears the Hiss of Serpents --- thinking now  
The passive Air remov'd, and in it's stead  
Material Darkness ---- Darkness to be felt.

'Tis Vice --- 'tis Guilt that, self-convicted feels  
The Scourge of Fear --- of Fear that renders vain  
The Aid of Reason. When depriv'd of Hope,  
Painful Uncertainty suspends the Mind,  
And adds new Horrors to approaching Evils.

They

14. But they sleeping the same sleep that night, which was indeed intolerable, and which came upon them out of the bottoms of inevitable Hell:

15. Were partly vexed with monstrous apparitions, and partly fainted, their hearts failing them: for a sudden fear and not looked for, came upon them.

16. So then, whosoever there fell down, was straitly kept, shut up in a Prison without iron Bars.

17. For whether He were husbandman, or Shepherd, or a labourer in the Field, he was overtaken, and endured that Necessity, which could not be avoided: for they were all bound with one chain of darkness.

18. Whether it were a whistling Wind, or a melodious noise of Birds among the branches, or a pleasing fall of Water running violently,

19. Or

*several OCCASIONS.* (155)

They slept that dreadful Night --- but such  
their Sleep

As issued from the inmost Caves of Hell,  
Pale Apparitions in his ghastly Train,  
And Fiends, and Dæmons dire. Then the  
Heart fail'd,

And Reason, Fortitude and Manhood fled.

Still Darkness reign'd, in whose firm fetters bound  
A Nation groan'd --- strange Prison without Bar!

The black Night gloom'd: the Peasant stopt  
his Plough

In the half-finish'd Furrow --- from his Lip  
The Shepherd's Pipe fell tuneless, and, dismay'd,  
The Traveller stood still --- 'Twas Terror all:  
Each whispering Breeze, the Voice of Beast or  
Bird,

The murmuring Water-fall & waving Tree

19. Or a terrible sound of stones cast down,  
or a running that could not be seen of skipping  
Beasts, or a rebounding Echo from the hollow  
Mountains: these things made them to swoon for  
fear.

20. For the whole World shined with clear  
light, and none were hindred in their labour:

21. Over them only was spread an heavy night,  
an image of that darkness which should afterwards  
receive them: but yet were they unto themselves  
more grievous than the darkness.

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 157 )

Were heard with Horror : but if haply fell  
Some Tower with thundering Ruin to the  
Ground,

If heard the rapid Steps of Beasts unseen,  
The Roar of Savages, or E c h o ' s Voice  
Rebounding from the Mountain's hollow Side,  
'Twas Death, or mute Amazement ---- Yet o'er  
these,

O'er Egypt's Sons alone had Darkness spread  
Her fable Wing ---- all else had shining Day.

Dread Darkness ! Image of that dismal Night,  
Reserv'd for Guilt ; and of it's own dire hue.

*On*

*To a Favourite Red-Breast.*

LITTLE Bird with Bosom red !  
Welcome to my humble Shed !  
Courtly Domes of high Degree  
Have no Room for Thee and Me.  
Motley Fashion's fickle Throng  
Nothing mind an idle Song.  
Softly near my Table steal,  
While I pick my scanty Meal :  
Doubt not, little tho' there be,  
But I'll cast a Crum to Thee.  
Well rewarded if I spy  
Pleasure in thy glancing Eye.  
See Thee, when Thou'lt eat thy Fill,  
Plume thy Breast, and wipe thy bill ;

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 159 )

As if, prudent, Thou wou'dst say,  
" Cast, my Host, no more away,  
" Bob may come another Day.

Come, my feather'd Friend, again,  
Well thou know'st the broken Pane.  
Ask of Me thy daily Store,  
Go not near TERUNCIO's door.  
Once within his Iron Hall,  
Woeful End shall Thee befall.  
Soon shall his fell Hand divest  
Of it's rosy Plumes thy Breast.  
On the hemp-hung Spit fast-bound,  
Next He'll twirl Thee round and round,  
Then, with solitary Joy,  
Eat Thee, Bones and all, my Boy.

*Left*

*Left with the Minister of R I P O N D E N,  
a romantic Place in Y O R K S H I R E.*

**T**H R I C E happy You, who-e'er You  
are,

From Life's low Cares secluded far,  
In this sequester'd Vale !

Ye Rocks on Precipices pil'd,  
Ye ragged Desarts, waste and wild,  
Delightful Horrors, hail !

What Joy within these funless Groves,  
Where lonely Contemplation roves,  
To rest in fearless Ease !

Save weeping Rills, to see no Tear,  
Save dying Gales, no Sigh to Hear ---  
No Murmur but the Breeze.

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 161 )

Say, would You change these time-hoar'd Cells,

Where Solemn Thoughtful Silence dwells,

For Splendor's dazzling Blaze ?

For all those worthless Toys that glare

Round high-born Power's imperial Chair,

Inviting Fools to gaze ?

Should Fate, propitious to my Prayer,

Propose to place Me here or there,

And TAME or RIBEN give ;

Tho' here neglected and unknown,

Tho' there She'd grant Me GEORGE's Throne,

Neglected here I'd live.

*Description*

*Description of H E A V E N**Translated from Part of a \* Saxon Ode.*

**N**O vital Bread, no cordial Wine  
 Shall store the Board or Bowl:  
 Th' ~~essential~~<sup>t</sup> Power of Life divine  
 Exists in every Soul.

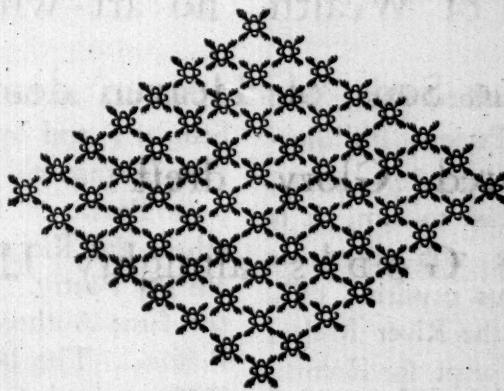
No Pomp of Wealth, no art-wrought Vest,  
 The Sons of Heaven demand,  
 In uncreated Glory drest  
 By God's almighty Hand.

\* The Original is not inserted for want of proper Types.

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 163 )

In vain with Him it's feeble Blaze  
Would human Pomp display,  
Whose Aspect dims the solar Rays,  
Whose Smile is endless Day.

There dwells Repose that knows no Pain,  
And Joy's eternal Tide :  
Oh ! haste that Heaven of Bliss to gain,  
'Tis Folly all beside.



T H E

X 2

The D E A T H of  
**A D O N I S.**  
 From the G R E E K of *B I O N*\*.

**A**DONIS dead, the Muse of Woe shall  
 mourn ;

**A**donis dead, the weeping Loves return.

The Queen of Beauty o'er his Tomb shall shed  
 Her flowing Sorrows for ADONIS dead ;

For

\* Bion, the pastoral Poet, lived in the Time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. by the Epithet *Smyrnæus*, every where applied to him, it is probable that he was born at Smyrna. Moschus confirms this, when he says to the River Meles, which had before wept for Homer,

----- *Thou now again be-  
 waileſt another Son.*

It is evident however that he spent much of his Time in Sicily.

Moschus, as he tells us, was his Scholar ; and by him we are inform'd, that his Master was not a poor Poet. " Thou hast left to others thy Riches, says he, but to me thy Poetry." It appears from the same Author, that he died by Poison. The best Edition of his Works, is that of Paris, by M. de Longe-Pierre, with a French Translation.

[ADONIS dead, &c.] ADONIS, the Favourite of Venus, was the

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 165 )

For Earth's cold Lap her velvet Couch forego,  
And Robes of Purple for the Weeds of Woe.  
ADONIS dead, the Muse of Woe shall mourn ;  
ADONIS dead, the weeping Loves return.

Stretch'd

Son of Cynaras, King of Cyprus.  
His chief Employment was hunting,  
tho' he is represented by Virgil  
as a Shepherd.

---- *Oves ad Flumina pavit  
Adonis.*

He was killed by a wild Boar,  
if we may believe Propertius, in  
Cyprus.

---- *Percusit Adonim  
Venantem idalio vertice durus  
Aper.*

The Anniversary of his Death  
was celebrated through the whole  
Pagan World. Aristophanes, in  
his Comedy of Peace, reckons the  
Feast of Adonis among the chief  
Festivals of the Athenians. The  
Syrians observed it with all the

Violence of Grief, and the greatest  
Cruelty of Self-Castigation. It  
was celebrated at Alexandria in St.  
Cyril's Time; and when Julian,  
the Apostate, made his Entry at  
Antioch, in the Year 362, they  
were Celebrating the Feast of  
Adonis.

The Antients differ greatly in  
their Accounts of this Divinity.  
Athenaeus says, that he was the  
Favourite of Bacchus. Plutarch  
maintains, that he and Bacchus are  
the same, and that the Jews ab-  
stain'd from Swine's Flesh because  
Adonis was kill'd by a Boar.  
Ausonius, Epig. 30. affirms that  
Bacchus, Osiris, and Adonis, are  
one and the same.

Stretch'd on this Mountain thy torn Lover lies.

Weep, Queen of Beauty ! for he bleeds

---- he dies.

Ah ! yet behold Life's last Drops faintly flow,

In streams of Purple, o'er those Limbs of  
Snow !

From the pale Cheek the perish'd Roses fly ;

And Death dims slow the ghastly-gazing Eye.

Kiss, kiss those fading Lips, ere chill'd in  
Death ;

With soothing Fondness stay the fleeting  
Breath.

'Tis vain ---- ah ! give the soothing Fond-  
ness o'er !

**ADONIS** feels the warm Salute no more.

**ADONIS**

ADONIS dead, the Muse of Woe shall mourn.

ADONIS dead, the weeping Loves return.

His faithful Dogs bewail their Master slain,  
And mourning Dryads pour the plaintive  
Strain.

Not the fair Youth alone the Wound opprest,  
The Queen of Beauty bears it in her Breast.

Her Feet unsandal'd, floating wild her Hair,  
Her Aspect woeful, and her Bosom bare,  
Distrest, she wanders the wild Wastes forlorn,  
Her sacred Limbs by plowing Brambles torn.

Loud

*Distrest, she wanders, &c.]* This Image of the Sorrow of Venus is very affecting, and is introduced in this Place with great Beauty and Propriety. Indeed, most modern Poets seem to have observ'd it, and have profited by it in their Scenes of despairing Love.

Loud as she Grieves, surrounding Rocks  
complain,

And Echo tho' the long Vales calls her absent  
Swain.

ADONIS hears not: Life's last Drops fall flow,  
In Streams of Purple, down his Limbs of Snow.

The weeping Cupids round their Queen deplore,  
And mourn her Beauty, and her Love no more.

Each rival Grace, that glow'd with conscious  
Pride,

Each Charm of Venus with ADONIS dy'd.

ADONIS dead, the vocal Hills bemoan,  
And hollow Groves return the saddening  
Groan.

The

The swelling Floods with sea-born Venus weep,  
And roll in mournful Murmurs to the Deep:  
In melting Tears the Mountain-springs  
comply ;  
The Flow'rs low-drooping, blush with Grief  
and die.

Cythera's

*The swelling Floods, &c.]*  
When the Poet makes the Rivers  
mourn for Venus, he very pro-  
perly calls her *Aphrodita*; but  
this perhaps was merely acciden-  
tal, as he has given her the same  
Appellation when she wanders the  
Desart.

*The Flow'rs, low-drooping,  
blush, &c.]*

Paleness being the known Effect  
of Grief, we do not at first Sight  
accept this Expression; but when  
we consider that the first Emotions  
of it are attended with Blushes, we  
are pleased with the Observation..

X

Cytherea's Groves with Strains of Sorrow ring ;  
 The Dirge Funereal her sad Cities sing.  
 Hark ! pitying Echoes Venus' Sighs return ;  
 When Venus sighs, can aught forbear to  
 mourn ?

But when she saw her fainting Lover lie,  
 The wide Wound gaping on the withering  
 Thigh ;  
 But streaming when she saw Life's purple Tide,  
 Stretch'd her fair Arms, with trembling  
 Voice she cry'd :

Yet

*Cytherea's Groves, &c.]*

This Passage the Scholiasts have entirely misunderstood. They mistake the Island Cytherea for Venus, for which there is neither Authority, her doric Name being

always Cytherea, nor Probability from the Connexion.

This proves that the Island Cytherea was the Place where Adonis perish'd, notwithstanding the Opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 171 )

Yet stay, lov'd Youth! a moment ere we part,

O let me kiss thee! hold thee to my Heart!

A little moment, dear ADONIS! stay!

And kiss thy Venus, ere those Lips are Clay.

Let those dear Lips by mine once more be prest,

'Till thy last Breath expire into my Breast.

Then, when Life's ebbing Pulse scarce, scarce  
can move,

I'll catch thy Soul, and drink thy dying Love.

That last-left Pledge shall sooth my tortur'd  
Heart,

When thou art gone \_\_\_\_\_

When, far from me, thy gentle Ghost explores  
Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming Shores.

Wretch that I am ! immortal and divine,  
In Life imprison'd whom the Fates confine.  
He comes ! receive him to thine Iron-arms ;  
. Blest Queen of Death ! receive the Prince of  
Charms.

Far happier thou, to whose wide Realms repair,  
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.  
The Smiles of Joy, the golden Hours are fled :  
Grief, only Grief, survives A D O N I S dead.  
The Loves around in idle Sorrow stand,  
And the dim Torch falls from the vacant Hand.  
Hence the vain Zone ! the Myrtle's flow'ry  
Pride !  
Delight and Beauty with A D O N I S died.

Why

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 173 )

Why did'st thou, ventrous, the wild Chace  
explore ?  
From his dark Lair to rouse the tusky Boar ?  
Far other Sport might those fair Limbs essay,  
Than the rude Combat, or the savage Fray.  
Thus Venus griev'd ----- the Cupids round  
deplore,  
And mourn her Beauty, and her Love no more.  
Now flowing Tears in silent Grief complain,  
Mix with the purple Streams, and flood the  
Plain.  
Yet not in vain those sacred Drops shall flow,  
The purple Streams in blushing Roses glow :  
And catching Life from ev'ry falling Tear,  
Their azure Heads Anemonies shall rear.

But

But cease in vain to cherish dire Despair,  
Nor count thy Sorrows to the desert Air.  
The last sad Office let thy Hand supply,  
Stretch the stiff Limbs, and close the glaring  
Eye.

That Form repos'd beneath the Bridal Vest,  
May cheat thy Sorrows with the Feint of Rest.  
For lovely smile those Lips, tho' void of Breath,  
And fair those Features in the Shade of Death.  
Haste, fill with Flow'rs, with rosy Wreaths  
his Bed.

Perish the Flow'rs ! the Prince of Beauty's  
dead.

Round the pale Corfe each breathing Essence  
strew,  
Let weeping Myrtles pour their balmy Dew.

Perish

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 175 )

Perish the Balm, unable to restore  
Those vital Sweets of Love that charm no  
more !

'Tis done. ----- Behold, with purple Robes  
array'd,  
In mournful State the clay-cold Limbs are laid.  
The Loves lament with all the Rage of Woe,  
Stamp on the Dart, and break the useless Bow.  
Officious these the watry Urn supply,  
Unbind the buskin'd Leg, and wash the Thigh.  
O'er the pale Body those their light Wings  
wave,  
As yet, tho' vain, solicitous to save.

All, wild with Grief, their hapless Queen  
deplore,  
And mourn her Beauty and her Love no more.

Dejected

Dejected Hymen droops his Head forlorn,  
His Torch extinct, and flow'ry Tresses torn :  
For nuptial Airs, and Songs of Joy, remain  
The sad, slow Dirge, the Sorrow-breathing  
Strain.

Who wou'd not, when A D O N I S dies, deplore?  
Who wou'd not weep when Hymen smiles  
no more ?

The Graces mourn the Prince of Beauty slain,  
Loud as Dione on her native Main :  
The Fates relenting join the general Woe,  
And call the Lover from the Realms below.

Vain,

*several OCCASIONS.* ( 177 )

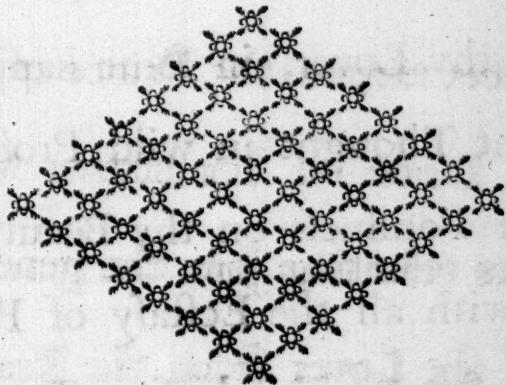
Vain, hopeless Grief ! can living Sounds  
pervade

The dark, dead Regions of eternal Shade ?

Spare, Venus, spare that too luxuriant Tear

For the long Sorrows of the mournful Year.

*For the long, &c.] Numa* For though it is said only Ten  
seems to have borrow'd the Custom Months were set apart, yet Ten  
he instituted of Mourning a Year Months were the Year of Romulus  
for the Deceased from the Greeks. till regulated by his Successor.



*Theodosius*

Z

T H E O D O S I U S

T O

C O N S T A N T I A.

**L**E T others seek the lying Aids of Art,  
And bribe the Passions to betray the  
Heart ;  
Who reads or hears, with safety may admire  
The Strains which Truth and Tenderness inspire.

Say did thy Lover, in some happier Hour,  
Each ardent Thought in wild Profusion pour ?  
With eager Fondness on thy Beauty gaze,  
And talk with all the Ecstasy of Praise ?  
The Heart sincere it's pleasing Tumult prov'd ;  
All, all declared that THEODOSIUS lov'd.

Let

*several OCCASIONS.* (179)

Let raptur'd Fancy on that moment dwell,  
When thy dear Vows in trembling Accents fell :  
When Love acknowledg'd wak'd the tender sigh,  
Swell'd thy full Breast, and fill'd thy melting eye.  
Oh ! blest for ever be ~~the~~ auspicious Day !  
Dance all it's Hours in Pleasure's golden Ray !  
Pale Sorrow's Gloom from ev'ry Eye depart,  
And laughing Joy glide lightly thro' the Heart.  
Let Village-Maids their festive Brows adorn,  
And with fresh Garlands meet the smiling Morn ;  
Each happy Swain, by faithful Love repaid,  
Pour his warm Vows, and court his Village  
Maid.

Yet shall the Scene to ravish'd Memory rise,  
CONSTANTIA present yet shall meet these Eyes ;

On her fair Arm her beauteous Head reclin'd,  
Her Auburn Tresses waving in the Wind,  
While Love and Fear, contending in her Face,  
Flush every Rose, and heighten every Grace.

Yes : yes, tis She : Ye Flowers around her throw  
Your choicest Sweets ! ye Gales more softly blow !  
O may she still your kind Protection prove,  
Ye Guardian Powers of Innocence and Love !

O, never, while of Life and Hope possest,  
May this dear Image quit my faithful Breast.  
The painful Hours of Absence to beguile,  
May thus C O N S T A N T I A look, C O N S T A N T I A  
smile.

F I N I S.